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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	381	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Mère Casimir . . . . .	390	The Sultan's Jubilee. By the	
Statesmen or Electioneers? . . . .	385	The Amateur Tramp. By Arthur		Countess Cesaresco . . . . .	397
The End of the War . . . . .	385	Symons . . . . .	391	REVIEWS:	
The Church Congress . . . . .	387	Art at the Paris Exhibition—III. Rodin	392	South African Fauna . . . . .	397
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		A Hint to the Druriocracy . . . .	393	Oldest Books . . . . .	398
English Railway Development.—VII.		Cheap Life Assurance . . . . .	394	The Story of Paris . . . . .	399
The London, Brighton and South		CORRESPONDENCE:		The Unlucky Number . . . . .	400
Coast. . . . .	387	Brutus and Max . . . . .	395	The Voice of Ouida . . . . .	400
Old Time Travel: The Tour of the		Irish Landlords and Unionism . .	396	NOVELS . . . . .	401
Tables . . . . .	389	About Yung Lu. By R. S. Gundry .	397	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . . .	402
				SPANISH LITERATURE . . . . .	402

*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery managed to lay their views before the country twenty-four hours before Parliament was dissolved. The Prime Minister contented himself with a repetition of some of the commonplaces of the contest. His excuse possibly is that commonplaces are essentials, and it is just those which are in danger of being overlooked in a time of crisis. For the incisiveness which is usually Lord Salisbury's we must turn to his son. Lord Hugh Cecil's description of Lord Rosebery as "the choir boy who is always a little late in his responses" sums up a career in a phrase. Lord Rosebery declares that he is ready to support any strong Government but really the present Government is hopeless: "it is the weakest I can recollect." Lord Rosebery ought to be an authority on Government weakness, even though he did not become a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet till after Majuba. He conveniently forgets the Governments of 1886 and 1892-5, reminiscent as they are of Batoum, Bangkok, and the Congo. As Mr. Balfour says such criticism comes ill from Lord Rosebery, especially at a moment when he finds it necessary to retire into "the political penumbra."

The greater part of Lord Salisbury's manifesto might have been composed by Captain Middleton. The Prime Minister betrays the same curious incapacity to rise to the level of the occasion that he revealed in his speeches about pianos and secret service money at the beginning of the session. The document reminds us of Sir Robert Peel's celebrated "Register, register, register," and of Mr. Gladstone's frantic exhortation to the constituencies in 1885 to give him an overwhelming majority to put down Home Rule. Probably there never was an out-going Premier who did not believe that the nation could only be saved by his securing an increased majority in the new Parliament. This belief is founded on the fallacy that the strongest Governments are those with the biggest majorities, which experience has disproved. The Whig majority after the Reform Bill was 300, and Lord Grey was out in two years. The "Times," with characteristic nervousness, has already begun to discount the possibility of a diminished majority, by saying that it will not mean a diminution of confidence in the South African policy of the Government. It is astonishing to what depths of sophistry men will descend at election times, for if a diminished majority would not mean that

we do not know what it would mean, or why there is a General Election.

Captain Hedworth Lambton has, as we foresaw, been made a sort of pivot on which the election is to turn. The capture of this gallant sailor as a candidate was one of Lord Rosebery's happiest strokes: for how can a party be unpatriotic which is championed by the commander of the "Powerful"? Lord Rosebery's letter to "My dear Hedworth" is affectionate and clever, of course; but when his lordship says that he would, if the Constitution allowed him, "vote for those like yourself who advocate at home legislation and administration on sound Liberal and practical lines," it is difficult to repress a smile. Is it not laughing at the shrewd Northumbrian to ask him to support Captain Lambton as a social reformer? For the second time we must express our keen desire to know from Captain Lambton himself what he understands by home legislation on "sound Liberal and practical lines." It is significant that not one of the Opposition leaders makes any allusion to Home Rule except Sir Edward Grey and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who admit that it is not a present issue, but suggest its revival in a modified form. Perhaps this reticence accounts for the rapidly swelling proportions of the Roseberyite party, which has published a list of 150 adherents, comprising most of the brains, and we should think all the money, in the Radical fold. In the list we notice the name of Mr. Rochfort Maguire. Has this Conservative Home Ruler renounced Home Rule? And is that the reason the Irish are breaking up his meetings at Leeds?

Mr. Arthur Balfour's address is open to the criticism of being rather sketchy. The doubt raised by his vague allusion to army reform as to whether he realises how deeply in earnest the nation is on this subject will have been removed by his speech on Thursday. Mr. Chamberlain's manifesto and speech at Birmingham are marred by a vein of egotism which it was doubtless difficult to avoid, but which might with a little more tact have been mitigated. Nevertheless they constitute the best electioneering defence of the Government that has been made. Amongst the addresses of the Opposition leaders that of Mr. John Morley is far and away the boldest and the ablest literary performance. It requires no little courage at this hour to refer to "the wise and politic retrocession of 1881," and we have not seen a more effective thrust at the Uitlanders than the following: "Are we sure that corruption and jobbery will vanish with the Republic, and that its new masters will be an improvement on the old? 'Rhodes and purity of election,' 'The capitalists of the Rand and an unbribed press'—these are battle-cries that will raise a smile in Cape Town." Very telling too from his point of view is Mr. Morley's remark that he approves of

annexation as cheerfully as a man who has lost his money in a mismanaged concern "approves of liquidation and has no fault whatever to find with winding up." Literary effectiveness we know does not always mean moral or political truth. Still we cannot help wishing that there were a few more plums and a little less suet in the Cabinet pudding.

The Radicals are facing the ordeal of an election whose verdict five people out of six regard as a foregone conclusion with as cheerful a mien as Allan Quatermain assumed when, on a famous occasion, "he toddled along to be killed." Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on Saturday, by its very energy, had a tonic effect on his opponents. On whatever else they may disagree, the members of a hydra-headed multipoliced party are unanimous in their hatred of the Colonial Secretary. Nor can it be denied that his methods lend themselves to effective rhetorical treatment at the hands of those whom he attacks. He has completely turned the Opposition aside from the iniquities of Lord Salisbury. Sir William Harcourt was never so much in his element in attacking Lord Salisbury as he is when he "goes for" Mr. Chamberlain. His speech in West Monmouth was redeemed from absolute tameness by the personalities of which Mr. Chamberlain was the object. By far the best hit was that the Colonial Secretary, regarding himself as Captain Cook and General Wolfe rolled in one, is of opinion that he discovered Australia and stormed the heights of Quebec.

The platform campaign has resolved itself into a series of duels not between rival candidates in particular constituencies but between rival leaders. Some of the tu quoques are pointed. Mr. Asquith asserts that under the Radicals Lord Loch made representations to Pretoria on the subject of the Uitlanders' grievances: Mr. Chamberlain replies that they drafted a despatch which they were afraid to present, and Mr. Asquith rejoins that the whole thing was a matter of a visit to Pretoria and not of a despatch at all. Lord Rosebery charges the Government with having ignored the recommendations of the Hartington Commission, and Lord Lansdowne retorts that the Government with the approval of the chairman of the Commission adopted the memorandum on the subject left behind by the Radicals. Mr. Balfour associates Lord Rosebery with the Majuba surrender, and Lord Rosebery replies that he was not a member of the Gladstone Government when it handed back the Transvaal. Captain Lambton, not a leader, but the recipient of Lord Rosebery's manifesto, says the guns sent out by the War Office were outraged at Ladysmith and elsewhere: Mr. Powell Williams denies that there is any truth in the statement: Captain Lambton attempts to prove his case by extracts from a diary and says that "Mr. Powell Williams knows all about guns: so did Mr. Winkle." Mr. Powell Williams returns to the charge on the strength of the highest authority and shows that the Captain does not know his "Pickwick;" the Captain then brings his 47 gun to bear with the assertion that the highest authority of all is himself!

The Welsh elections are exhibiting certain features of their own, the most remarkable being the abnormally large proportion of English candidates. Considering the extent to which the vernacular press has for years been preaching the restriction of Welsh constituencies to Welsh-speaking Welshmen and Welsh Nonconformists, the fact has a significance of its own. The most remarkable instance of this change of feeling is furnished by the action of the Radical party in the late Mr. Ellis' constituency of Welsh-speaking Merioneth. Mr. Ellis made Welsh Home Rule ridiculous by accepting office under a Saxon administration. The clever Oxford Don who succeeded Mr. Ellis in the representation, decided to abandon the seat for the purpose of continuing his Welsh history. Numberless candidates have offered themselves for the vacancy and Mr. L. L. Williams, probably the cleverest writer of the young Welsh school, tried to impress on the voters that it was their bounden duty to aid the Young Wales party to return a Welsh-speaking Welshman and Welsh Home Ruler. Unfortunately for himself Mr.

Williams is an Independent, and Merioneth Methodists, if they love the Welsh language and Welsh Home Rule a little, hate Welsh Independents far more than they love either. The result is that Mr. Williams has withdrawn and Merioneth is left to choose between two candidates neither of whom speaks Welsh.

Mr. Goschen's retirement from the House of Commons can have surprised nobody. Whilst fully appreciating Mr. Goschen's long and splendid services to his country, and the advantage to any Government of his unrivalled experience—he was a Cabinet Minister in the sixties—we are pleased to know that he will not continue at his present post, for two reasons. Firstly, because we think, as a matter of constitutional principle, that the heads of great spending departments, like the Admiralty and the War Office, ought to be in the House of Commons. Secondly, because, to be frank, we think that Mr. Goschen, like several of his colleagues, has had a pretty long innings, and that it is for the public advantage that he should give some of our younger statesmen a chance. In the times immediately ahead nerve and rapidity of decision will be the qualities most wanted at the Admiralty, as at the War Office. Mr. Goschen, like the late Lord Derby, sees so many sides of every question that he always has the greatest difficulty in making up his mind as to which is the right side. This infirmity of indecision, to which subtle thinkers are peculiarly prone, has grown on Mr. Goschen with the advance of years.

We should summarise Mr. Goschen's career by saying that he has been successful as a man, and unsuccessful as a Minister. Oxford and Austin Friars did for Mr. Goschen what Lancashire and Oxford did for Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. The combination of culture and commerce appealed irresistibly to Mr. Gladstone, who put Mr. Goschen into his first Cabinet at the abnormal age of thirty-five. In one sense therefore Mr. Goschen had no early struggle for recognition; but he laboured under certain obvious disadvantages of physique and birth which nothing but his character and brains could have overcome. His pamphlet on the Theory of Foreign Exchange and his book on Local Taxation proved him a master of the subjects of international trade and domestic finance, a kind of knowledge peculiarly valuable amongst country gentlemen and lawyers. But to his character quite as much as to his intellect Mr. Goschen has owed the success of his later years. He refused Cabinet office in 1880 because he feared that the Liberal party was about to extend the franchise to the agricultural labourer; and when he joined Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886 he was honest enough to shortly afterwards join the Carlton Club. Mr. Goschen has helped to elevate the tone of our public life by consistently appealing to the higher instead of the lower passions of the electorate. He has never been able to compose and deliver a written speech, so that his oratory often lacks finish. But its unquestionably stimulating effect is no doubt due to its transparent sincerity and enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding the special training and knowledge of the City natural to the son of a foreign banker, Mr. Goschen has been perhaps the least successful Chancellor of the Exchequer we have ever had. It is true that he succeeded where many of his predecessors had failed in reducing the interest of Consols, and he is therefore entitled to rank with Goulburn, Gladstone and Harcourt amongst the Chancellors of the Exchequer who have effected a permanent, or at all events lasting, change in the national finance. But he frittered away surplus after surplus, and on the whole Mr. Goschen was a failure at the Treasury. His very subtlety and special knowledge of detail led him into mistakes which a plainer man would have avoided. The memorable budget in which he proposed to tax cart-wheels and "pleasure-horses" and had to fall back upon champagne and beer will for ever rise against him as a visible failure. Of Mr. Goschen's achievements as First Lord of the Admiralty it is impossible to judge at present: the next war will put them to the test. Certain it is that there are people, not quite uninformed,



who use very strong language about the state of our Navy. Popular in the House of Commons Mr. Goschen never was, and never tried to be. He was stiff, even pompous, in his manner of dealing with M.P.'s, and he had no genial small talk for the lobby.

Mr. Leonard Courtney's intellectual processes have always been unintelligible when we have tried to account for his conclusions on the merits of the case between the Boers and the British. We think we have arrived at a conclusion at last which is respectful to Mr. Courtney because it ranks him with Mr. Herbert Spencer, though it makes both somewhat absurd. Mrs. Leonard Courtney at a public meeting in Leeds read a letter from the famous synthetic philosopher to her husband which suggests that the defence of the Boers may be founded on certain analogies between the oligarchy of England before the Reform Bill of 1832 and that of the Boers. The ordinary sensible man sees at once of course that the reasons for shaking off the one tyranny are good for shaking off the other. We account for the errors of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Courtney on the simple supposition that their philosophical tendencies to find analogies have run to seed.

Enormous captures of rolling stock, of cattle, of guns and ammunition are the principal items in the war news of the week. On one line no less than eight miles of vehicles were found. General Pole Carew occupied Komati Poort on 24 September with the Guards Brigade, encountering practically no opposition. Three thousand of the enemy under General Pienaar crossed the frontier and surrendered to the Portuguese authorities who seem to be affording asylum to the refugees whilst doing what they can to further the views of the British. In the West the captures have been as notable as in the East. General Paget by a slim movement worthy of the Boers themselves secured the enemy's camp whilst Erasmus' commando was delivering a futile attack on Elands River Station. Lord Methuen pursued and captured a big convoy moving north-east. The fact that he should have been apprised of its movements is significant. A few months ago, the existence of the convoy would have been kept secret. Lord Roberts has returned to Pretoria, and troops are already leaving. The C.I.V.'s will be home by 5 November and part of the Canadian contingent will embark for Canada immediately. Both have afforded a splendid example of the value of irregular forces in modern warfare.

Sir Gordon Sprigg's ministry escaped defeat in the Cape Assembly on the annexation question by no more than two votes. The debate was in every sense of the word mischievous. Mr. Sauer drew a pathetic picture of the innocent oligarchy of Pretoria as victimised by the authors of the Jameson Raid, and the Prime Minister got so angry in reply that he quite superfluously characterised Mr. Kruger as a capitalist and a thief. Asperities and personalities in such an atmosphere as that which prevails in South Africa at this moment can serve no good end. Mr. Schreiner's contribution to the debate was able but unpractical. He regrets the annexation of the two Republics and would leave them just so much self-government as would not deprive them wholly of a sense of nationality. But a restoration to independence, or anything approaching the status quo ante bellum, he recognises quite properly as out of the question. Mr. Merriman's disgust at what he calls the "amazing impudence" with which the colonies of Australasia and Canada have presumed to interfere in the settlement strikes us as affording a new reason for some form of federation, which would regularise the position of the self-governing colonies in the councils of the Empire.

The attitude of the Chinese Government has become more defiant towards the Powers. While Count von Bülow has been awaiting his replies to proposals for the punishment of the official personages implicated in the anti-foreign movement the Chinese Court has very distinctly foreshadowed the reply it will send if and when the proposals reach it. Contemptuous defiance could hardly go further than is implied in the news that

Prince Tuan has been appointed President of the Privy Council which increases still further his dignity and influence and that other principal instigators of the disorders alive or dead have been awarded present or posthumous honours. The farce of appointing negotiators is still being played and the Powers have actually dared to reject Yung Lu the leader of the attack on the Legations. Whatever may be the action that will arise if the German proposals take the place of the Russian for the evacuation of Peking the latter are now completely defunct and Russia will remain in the capital.

American impracticability is as evident over the German proposal as it has always been, and the desire to sneak out of responsibility is equally apparent. As a kind of excuse for the American Government a rumour was spread in New York that England had taken the same line as America and had replied to Count von Bülow refusing to join with him in the demands on China. It was never in the least degree likely that Lord Salisbury had arrived at a conclusion so entirely inconsistent with what most people in this country are persuaded is the only possible mode of dealing with the Chinese Government. The pretence cannot any longer be kept up that the Powers will not be at war with China in the next stage of operations, for the Chinese Government will have to be coerced into accepting the terms which we may hope all the Powers are now prepared to exact. In their concert for this purpose with the ultimate object of obtaining such control over a Chinese ruler as would make the repetition impossible of events like the recent disorders lies their safety from the dangers of dismemberment. The failure of the concert means that each party will be driven to secure its own interests independently of others. In that event Russia would have plenty of opportunity and excuse for continuing the occupation of Manchuria, and who knows what else, which at present she has to declare is only temporary.

The latest of our little wars draws to a close. The task of crushing out rebellion in Ashanti, suspended during the rainy season, has been resumed and punitive expeditions have traversed most of the country to the east and south of Kumasi. Communications are being reopened with the north towards Kintampo. Owing to the excitement of South Africa and Chinese events this West African campaign has been thrown into the shade; yet the force which Sir J. Willcocks had under his command amounted to some 3,500 men—as large as that employed in the much talked of Walseley expedition. On the earlier occasion however three white regiments were engaged and the West African force itself was kept studiously in the background. This year black troops exclusively have been employed—drawn from all provinces on the West Coast, with reinforcements from Somaliland and from British Central Africa—and the result has been certainly not less satisfactory, while the expenditure and the loss of life from disease have been greatly lessened.

Two important changes will follow the campaign, the first of them military. The various drilled levies in West Africa will be organised into a single military body, of which two battalions will be stationed in the Niger territories, a battalion on the Gold Coast, half a battalion in Sierra Leone and Lagos respectively. Each of these units will be commanded by an officer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and the whole will be under an inspecting officer, who would actually take the command in the event of any considerable war, such as the late rising. The various police forces incorporated will receive a more strictly military training, and the officers will have military titles; but the force will be under the Colonial Office. Only the West African regiment maintained at Sierra Leone, for the defence of the coaling station, will remain under the War Office. Uniformity of control and of equipment will be given to the newly constituted little army which is merely an extension of the West African Field Force raised and organised three years ago by General Lugard. The other change is political. Up to the present, Ashanti and the regions north of it, recognised as

within our sphere by the Anglo-French agreement of 1808, have been independent States accepting a Resident and a small body of troops. We shall now be forced to annexation in some more definite shape; but the nature of the control to be exercised has yet to be decided.

Two distinct memorials to Miss Mary Kingsley are projected. The first, subscribed for by the merchant community in Liverpool, whose interests and whose credit she upheld so zealously, will take the form of a small hospital in Liverpool for the treatment and study of tropical diseases—many cases of which come to that port. One of the minor points in Mr. Chamberlain's administration of the Colonial Office which Miss Kingsley eagerly eulogised was the establishment of a School of Tropical Medicine at the Royal Albert Dock. The proposed institution should do much to lessen that sacrifice of valuable lives in Africa which was a constant distress to Miss Kingsley. The other memorial project aims at an object even nearer to her heart, for it is proposed to organise and endow a systematic study of native African laws, customs and beliefs, in the hope that knowledge thus gained may prevent the recurrence of the disputes and petty wars which involve not only bloodshed but the crushing out of honourable native institutions. The names of Sir George Goldie and Sir Alfred Lyall on the committee guarantee that the scheme will be framed in a way which Miss Kingsley herself would have approved.

The organisation of M. Loubet's banquet to the Mayors of France, amazing as it was, cannot be called the most remarkable feature of that ceremony. Much has been said about the number of knives and forks employed by the 22,000 guests, and the quantity of wine they consumed—but the most dramatic and memorable moment was when M. Loubet rose to welcome the chief of nearly every French commune in the name of the Republic. Most tactful was his reference to the days "when he had the honour to wear the same scarf as they;" and when, in conclusion, he urged the Mayors to say on their return home that they "remain faithful to the spirit of the Revolution . . . and wish to see France free, strong, glorious, united at home under the reign of law and of right, respected abroad for her genius, for the weight of her arms, for her sincere love of peace;" the emotion of his listeners was sufficient evidence of their true patriotism and good faith. Only M. Max Régis, the most fanatical of the anti-Semites, attempted to protest; but he was immediately hustled to the door, and the ceremony ended triumphantly with the singing of the "Marseillaise." Parisians, who through blindness or ignorance had sent the Nationalists to the Hôtel de Ville, must have been stirred by the spectacle of the provincials following M. Loubet's carriage to the Elysée. For days they have been able to study their country cousins in the capital: and it is good to think that they have thus come in contact with what is most diligent, most peaceful, most patriotic, if not most brilliant, in France.

Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. John Burns are eulogised by the French Press for their electioneering speeches. Anyone who attacks Mr. Chamberlain is certain to gain the sympathy of the boulevard journals; while anyone who publicly denounces the war in language such as that employed by Mr. John Burns is sure to be hailed as one of a limited band of honourable Englishmen. The Paris newspapers do not doubt that the Government will obtain a handsome majority. Some sensation was caused by the news of Mr. Goschen's retirement; and, of course, it was instantly stated that he could not agree with his colleagues in the Cabinet. Even when the rumour was officially denied the French Press continued to hint that there existed some sinister trouble—and the "Patrie" declared that "even" Mr. Goschen had revolted against Mr. Chamberlain. Still more amusing was the solemn announcement that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues were endeavouring to get all Mr. Labouchère's constituents in Northampton—"principally bootmakers"—boycotted. And, finally, we are

assured that the Unionists not being too sanguine of an overwhelming majority, have resorted to threats and bribery.

Automobiles behaved so recklessly in Paris some months ago, that many a Parisian threatened to fire on them if the Prefect of the Police did not regulate their speed. And so, as M. Lépine's ultimatum was not sufficiently rigid to terrify automobiles, Parisians, dozens of them, walked about with revolvers in their pockets. Had they fired occasionally the nuisance might have stopped, but as they only flourished their firearms, gesticulating, the "Clubman" passed them by in his dangerous carriage as swiftly as ever and often looked back with a contemptuous smile. Nor is the danger less to-day. So many automobile firms have come into existence of late, and turned out so many carriages, that the stench of petroleum and the humming of electricity have enormously increased the odours and sounds of the city. Here, then, is a good opportunity for some Nationalist to interpellate M. Waldeck-Rousseau when the Chamber meets. Feroiciously, he might declare that Parisians were in danger of being crushed every day and finish up by protesting that the Premier and his colleagues had once again shown themselves utterly careless of the safety of the people.

The Ruskin Union at its Congress in Sheffield showed a praiseworthy zeal for a cause which Ruskin had much at heart, when it passed a resolution condemning the introduction of an electric traction tramway into the Lake District. Cheap trippers have vulgarised the sea coast to an appalling extent; must they ruin the quiet lakeshores also? Whatever can be done to mitigate the ugliness of life for dwellers in large industrial towns should be done, but the way to do it is not by destroying beauty. By road the lakes are accessible to whoever can ride, drive, walk, or bicycle; and a person who can and will do none of these should seek pleasure elsewhere than among mountains. Besides, the daily approaching possibilities of motor-car service must be taken into account, and although the prospect is far from delightful, yet it is at least better than what is proposed. Rails everywhere make a hideous gash; roads never disfigure, and often add beauty to a landscape.

On the Stock Exchange, until yesterday when a better tendency was apparent in most markets, the past week has been conspicuous as one of the dulllest on record. To trace the cause is not easy, still if cause there be apart from the continued tightness of the Money Market, it may be found in the general indisposition to enter the financial arena pending the result of the General Election. Financial operators have learnt by experience to be prepared for the unexpected, and should a Radical majority be returned to Westminster the shock would be less severe than would be the case in a time of business activity. Yesterday the sharp recovery in the prices of American Rails was due to a bear scramble. Throughout the week an incessant liquidation from Berlin had produced an abnormally low level of prices and with the turn of the tide stock was scarce. Atcheson Common rose 1 to 28½, the Preference 1½ to 71½, Louisville 1 to 73½, Unions 2 to 57½ and Milwaukie 2 to 114½XD.

The changes in English Rails have been mostly downward Dover and Brighton A losing 1½ at 68 and 137½ respectively. The slump in Districts to 24 and the 5 per cent. Preference to 75 sellers are the result of bad traffics, presumably the effect of the Central London Railway competition. Australian Mines have been irregular and South African Mines neglected, but there has been some inquiry for Rhodesians. The Alice Proprietary Mine shares have risen from ½ to 1⅞, Chicago Gaika from 1½ to 2⅞ and Lomagunda from 2½ to 3½. In Copper shares the only point of interest has been the declaration of the usual two-dollar dividend on Anacondas. The shares of the Le Roi gold mine in British Columbia have risen from 7½ to 8½. English Government securities are somewhat easier on the week, the National War Loan closing yesterday at par and Consols at 98½.



## STATESMEN OR ELECTIONEERS?

AT this moment we are not caring for the opinion of the electors on the question whether the war in South Africa was right or wrong, whether the Government deserve impeachment for its management, or are entitled to share the glory of ultimate success with Lord Roberts and his victorious army. We are only interested in ascertaining whether from the point of view of the ultimate success of their South African policy they ought or ought not to have dissolved Parliament now instead of a year hence. This latter question the electorate can settle and the verdict will be indisputable. Its competency or incompetency to settle the two former is not a whit altered by the farrago of contradictory assertions and counter-assertions contained in the election addresses and manifestoes that are being heaped anew upon its long-suffering and bewildered head. Is there anything in all these long-winded and cock-sure speeches which it has not had hurled at it any time during the last twelve months: anything to be added to the facts which it has known vaguely and uncertainly all this time that shall turn this vagueness and uncertainty into clear and positive evidence upon which a more precise and sounder judgment may be formed? There is nothing; positively nothing. If the Government wins the election that will be a result to be thankful for in our opinion because we believe that its policy is infinitely preferable to anything that the negative criticism of the Opposition can even suggest: and because after all it is a Government, and would be a Government, and the Opposition as a Government is unthinkable. If it does not win it will have committed the unpardonable blunder compared with which all the blunders charged against it by the Opposition are trivial and venial. As to the soundness of its policy of annexation and the administration of the incorporated territories that admits in our view of no doubt; we are equally assured of the justice and inevitability of the war by which these results have been secured. All the belated conversions of Radical annexationists or the hysterical assertions of Radicals who rave about the wickedness and injustice of the war and would restore the independence of the Republics are equally of no account. We are not seeking in the issue of the General Election any declaration upon which we may plume ourselves that our opinions are right. If it be that the Government are going to the country with any such notion we should think this a more convincing proof by far of weakness than anything the Opposition are able to produce against them.

We can understand all the benefit that may arise from a decisive majority in a new Parliament. That would be a practical advantage which we should rejoice to see the Government have for the easier realisation of a policy which in itself is neither proved better nor worse for the opinion of the electors having been taken upon it, and whether the majority is or is not increased. But, we repeat, the only excuse for the dissolution would be the certainty of winning. The party accusation of the Opposition that Government have chosen a time for dissolution and a programme which excluded the discussion of all topics but that of a successful war—what is called the Khaki issue—and which it is assumed made the election a foregone conclusion, is really the most favourable apology for the Government dissolving. A week has elapsed since the dissolution was announced, and there are signs that the contest is to be carried on with much more activity by the Opposition than either it or the Government expected when the prospect of an autumn election was first realised as a certainty. The Opposition has discovered that the annexation policy denounced so recently as a wicked destruction of a free people and a free state can be adopted either on the ground of the accomplished fact with Mr. Morley, or of the incompatibility of Boer independence with our legitimate interests and influence, as Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey maintain. This is an advantage which has suddenly been made apparent to all the sections of Radicalism, and hence we have all those protestations against their being represented as non-annexationists and as probable retrocessionists which are so marked a feature in their election speeches and addresses. We

attach no importance to these declarations as in the slightest degree making the settlement of South African affairs in Opposition hands less fatal than we have always held it would be. But it cannot be denied that the Opposition has found a number of plausible electioneering topics. We include amongst them the domestic subjects about which the Opposition candidates are so indignant. Much as we regret the want of courage in such matters as Old Age Pensions, the Vaccination Question, and the Housing problem, or the perverseness of Lord Salisbury on the Licensing Question, which is more a mark of individual idiosyncrasy than an indication of a Government policy, we have not the simplicity to imagine for a moment that anywhere, except on an election platform, the promises of Radicalism are of special value because they can be set off in rhetorical phrases against the Government's actual performance.

That is not however the point, but whether at this particular moment the pros and cons of their policy ought to have been placed before the electorate, and their majority in Parliament exposed to the risk of reduction though ever so small. The majority in the old Parliament was not a narrow one with which the Government was always on the verge of defeat. No adverse vote in the House had ever challenged the Ministry to appeal from its decision to that of the country. There was still a year to run during which there would have been nothing unconstitutional in keeping the Parliament alive. The plan proposed for administering the annexed territories would have been specifically before the country and the issue would have gained immensely in definiteness instead of being obscured as it is now by a thousand and one points raised ad hoc with contemptible insincerity. There would have been no denying the Government that first virtue of statesmanship, the courage of its opinions, if it had taken its stand on the determination not to let the Opposition have any chance of handling a matter on which its interference can only bring disaster. The best answer to these considerations is that a twelvemonth is all too short a time for the Government to retain its hold over the South African settlement. In the midst of the Government's administration it would have been interrupted by the necessity of a General Election accompanied by more than the dangers of a dissolution in this year. It is impossible to deny the cogency of this reasoning and we see in it a sufficient reply to the accusation that the dissolution is merely a smart electioneering manoeuvre. We do not so readily accede to the further argument which Mr. Balfour used at Manchester that the support of the country will make their work in Parliament easier. That may be so but it is a consideration of quite another order. For the former, electioneering risks were worth running: for the latter they were not and ought not to be run. We hope the Government's electioneering tactics are as good as their general case, and that the moment they have selected for the dissolution may be as propitious as the issue is paramount which they have wisely fixed on for the verdict of the constituencies.

## THE END OF THE WAR.

WITH the occupation of Komati Poort the regular warfare in South Africa has come to an end. The scattered guerilla bands still in the field may give further trouble. But the operations must now be regarded as police rather than as military. Since the initial engagements at Talana and Elands-laagte many unexpected things have happened, and many calculations have proved totally erroneous. That in any great war this should be so is almost inevitable. Peace soldiering affords little guide as to how events will shape themselves in war, and reputations in warfare are invariably lost or gained with bewildering rapidity. Few realise how arduous is the work of a general in the field. The intellect and knowledge which go to make the strategist are less difficult to find than the peculiar collection of qualities which go towards making the successful tactician. In war more than in any other affair of life the man who hesitates is lost.

The successful commander must possess foresight, tact, an iron constitution, unruffled composure, a certain callousness to suffering in others, and a combination of dash and caution, which is rarely found in one individual. How far in these respects have our commanders succeeded, and how far has the plan of campaign been justified by results?

When war became imminent, the military strength of the British Empire was represented in South Africa by some six battalions of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and a few guns—a totally inadequate garrison even in ordinary circumstances. To reinforce it a division collected from India and the Mediterranean was despatched to Natal—a proceeding which disturbed existing arrangements as little as possible, since, in the case of troops despatched, mobilisation was not necessary. Lamentable as the situation in Natal soon became, it might well have been considerably worse but for their arrival. The Government delayed matters till the last moment, and even the buying of an adequate supply of horses was put off till after the war had begun. When Sir George White reached Natal, he found there a dangerous dispersion of troops, and it was certainly more a matter of luck than good management that the advanced force at Glencoe escaped a disaster. But even after the first engagement the gravity of the situation was scarcely realised, and it was thought that with the return of Yule's column to Ladysmith all would still go right. Up till then the conduct of affairs at Ladysmith had been well carried out—in any case Sir George White had no option but to hold it—subsequently however an unduly ambitious attempt to break up the Boer concentration resulted in the disaster at Nicholson's Nek. Yet out of evil in this case perhaps good came. For the 1,200 men who were then captured enabled the supplies at Ladysmith to last longer than they otherwise could have done. In any case the mistake can readily be forgiven on account of the heroic defence of Ladysmith which followed, and proved Sir George White to be a superb leader of men. Meanwhile in England a larger British army than had ever before taken the field was being mobilised. Large, however, as it was, it proved totally inadequate to the needs of the situation. The original plan was the landing of a division at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London respectively, after which a concentration was to take place in the South of the Free State. The advance to the Transvaal was then to be made through Bloemfontein, and the Natal army was to join it on the way northwards. How long in reality it took to effect this concentration is a striking proof of the uncertainty of war. On arrival at the Cape Sir Redvers Buller found the situation in Natal and in the West so alarming that, instead of trusting to the automatic relief of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, by his advance northwards, he broke one of the cardinal rules of strategy by abandoning his main object for subsidiary exigencies. He despatched a division to the relief of Kimberley under Lord Methuen, a skeleton force under General Gatacre to the centre, and the remainder under General Clery to Natal, whither he shortly afterwards followed. His plan proved a failure and his own reputation—though he has since proved himself a good subordinate commander—and that of at least two of his three divisional commanders suffered considerably. Each force was too weak to undertake the task entrusted to it, and in each case there was a lamentable absence of cavalry and artillery—which with astounding stupidity had been despatched from England after the infantry. The result was that the horses of what mounted troops there were, were called upon to make exceptional exertions while still suffering from the effects of their sea voyage. About this period a loyal offer by Canada and Australia of perhaps the finest scouts and mounted infantry in the world was with an incredible lack of foresight refused by the Government. In the West Lord Methuen was beguiled by the Boers into fighting four costly battles which resulted in nothing, and one of which was an unmitigated disaster. General Gatacre, too, fared no better, though in his case it must be admitted that he was given a handful of men to perform an impossible task. Simultaneously with these failures, Sir Redvers

Buller was himself repulsed in his attempt to force the passage of the Tugela at Colenso, and Spion Kop and its attendant scandals followed soon after. Division after division was despatched to his assistance. But each as it arrived was scattered over the whole theatre of war; and, while one massed at some particular spot might have effected something, the plan adopted made each useless. Thus when Lord Roberts arrived in January, he found chaos everywhere. A large British army was there, it is true. But nowhere was there to be found a single mobile force. Yet above all a field army was necessary, and to its creation Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener applied themselves with brilliant success. In the issue the advance to Bloemfontein was a triumph of organisation rather than of strategy and tactics. Some exceedingly brilliant work was, however, accomplished by the cavalry under General French. But the difficulties inseparable to the rapid advance soon made itself felt. The cavalry horses suffered severely, and an untimely outbreak of enteric fever strained the hospital resources to the utmost. Among other things the advance to Bloemfontein had the effect of withdrawing the Boers from Ladysmith; who with unpardonable lethargy were not followed by Sir Redvers Buller's cavalry.

A long delay followed, which was marked by some of those "regrettable incidents" with which this war has made us so familiar, and which must be attributed mainly to the ill-timed leniency and misplaced confidence with which we have treated the Boers. At last Lord Roberts decided to advance northwards. As the Orange Colony was by no means clear, he left Rundle's division to watch his flank, and pressed on to Pretoria with what forces could be spared. But this was perhaps the only risk run. Indeed the conduct of the final stages of the campaign seems to have erred considerably on the side of caution, and subordinate commanders have perhaps hardly been allowed sufficient initiative. At times, too, there seems to have been a deplorable exhibition of indecision. Let us take one instance. When on 17 July General French's cavalry started from Pretoria with the object of making a dash eastwards to cut off the Boers from Middelburg, definite orders were issued for the work of the following three days. But after the first day all was changed, and a halt of four days, which prevented the Boer guns and convoy being cut off from Machadodorp, was ordered. In comparing the success achieved by individual generals, we must remember that the military difficulties in Natal were infinitely greater than those prevailing in the Transvaal and the Free State. The divisional commanders who went out late or who only recently received divisional commands were perhaps fortunate.

On the other side, the Boer leaders throughout the campaign have shown themselves masters of what might be termed natural tactics. For a time their tactical mobility, and the small amount of baggage they could subsist with, conferred upon them enormous advantages. To meet this mobility Lord Roberts had recourse to the novel idea of a mounted infantry division, which under the command first of General Ian Hamilton achieved considerable distinction. The large Yeomanry force from England and the mounted troops from the colonies assisted us also in matching this mobility. Their use of artillery was exceedingly ingenious. Before the war began, they realised the impossibility of competing with our field artillery. Instead therefore of attempting to do so, they procured heavy guns which our field ones could not reach. The effect of the former, however, assisted as they were by the clear atmosphere of South Africa, was mainly moral. The Boers rarely started attacks or counter-attacks, and wide formations were used against them which in European warfare could hardly succeed in taking positions. As strategists they have failed throughout. They seem to have been incapable of looking at the war in its larger issues, and frequently their plans have been directed towards the realisation of trivial ends. The unprotected state of Cape Colony in the earlier stages of the war gave them a great chance of which they failed to take advantage. Their whole strength was as it were placed in the firing line, and eventual success was in any case out of the question.

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## THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS has inevitably been crowded out of public notice by the General Election. Not that the number of ticket-holders has fallen; the clergy and their wives who form the majority are not actively interested in politics; but that nobody pays the slightest attention to the proceedings. Under more favourable conditions this Congress could not have been important. The programme of business was to say the least very commonplace, adapted obviously to the avoidance of such "friction" as the expiring "Crisis in the Church" might generate, rather than to a frank treatment of the questions it has raised. The speakers were eminently respectable and unquestionably safe. The President was the Bishop of Newcastle, a prelate whose practical excellence as an administrator commands respect, and whose personal virtues evoke the warmest attachment in those who know him, but who is altogether unknown in the field of literature, and to whose opinion on the issues of the hour no one attaches any importance.

If timidity presided over the counsels which fixed the programme and selected the speakers and readers, it would seem that the prevailing notes of the actual proceedings were optimism and reaction. The first is pardonable, and in the circumstances natural. One consequence of abuse is the rekindling of affection. As Mr. Chamberlain says of himself that every personal attack makes him a score of friends, so the National Church is not altogether the loser from the incessant and virulent abuse which has been poured upon her during the last three years. Anglicans have been stirred by the violence of the enemy to take stock of their ecclesiastical resources, "to walk about Zion, and tell the towers thereof," and on the whole they are mightily pleased with all they see. Papistry and puritanism seem ill substitutes for so much that is venerable, free, and familiar. Then, it is the end of the century, and statistics of progress are inevitable. Anglicanism makes "a fair show in the flesh," especially when the showman is such an accomplished rhetorician as the Bishop of Ripon. All the items of spiritual advance show up well in comparative tables. There are more bishops, more clergy, more churches, more communicants, more of everything, in fact, except ordination candidates and clerical incomes. The outlook of Christianity was never more hopeful. "Her adherents in 1800 were perhaps 200,000,000: to-day they are close upon 500,000,000. Not in number alone, but in vantage-ground of influence, she has grown in strength: the Christian nations now wield sovereign influence over 800,000,000 out of the 1,400,000,000 of the world's population." The eloquent Bishop poured out a long series of such large and comfortable statements to the vast delight of his audience. His speech makes excellent copy for the "snippet" newspapers and was wonderfully "effective:" but thoughtful men will read it with impatience, perhaps even with disgust. There is a worthier religious tone in Mr. John Morley's election address than in the glib optimism of the Anglican orator.

The other note of the Newcastle Congress was reaction. It was most audible in the discussion of Old Testament criticism. Professor Margoliouth in a paper, described by the "Times" correspondent as "extremely brilliant," proclaimed war à outrance with the "higher criticism," announced its defeat, and prophesied its total overthrow. The intellectual atmosphere of the Congress must have fallen very low when such declarations as these could be offered with confidence and received with satisfaction:—"For the maintenance of Christianity in the future one of two views of the character of revelation was necessary. Either we might look forward to the ultimate re-establishment of the belief in verbal inspiration, which was the view of the late Bishop of Liverpool, or we might hold with the doctrine formulated by Canon Liddon in his last University sermon." It is but just to say that neither Professor Bernard nor Canon Watson, the other selected speakers on the subject, endorsed this astonishing statement. The latter, indeed, frankly confessed that "he had come to the conclusion that there were mistakes—historical and

other—in the sacred narrative." The solemnity, with which so modest a concession to common sense and common knowledge is introduced, indicates the nervous conservatism of a comparatively courageous clergyman. We would discount the roseate prospects of the Church as described by the earlier speakers in the Congress, by the sinister fact of intellectual obscurantism disclosed by the later.

It is impossible to avoid the question, which to our knowledge is being debated among many thoughtful Churchmen, whether or not the annual Church Congress serves any useful purpose. Discussion, of course, is really impossible in such an assembly. The Congress resolves itself into a series of brief lectures and briefer addresses. The disadvantages of dealing with large and difficult subjects in this way are sufficiently obvious. Truth is sacrificed to effect: weighty names are connected with hasty, or shallow, or inaccurate propositions: a public meeting, the least worth considering of all evidences of opinion, and the least serviceable of all forms of debate, is magnified into factitious importance. Great inconvenience is caused by the supposed necessity to attend the meetings laid on many prelates and other busy persons, and no result is gained in the matter of influencing public opinion which could not be better gained by other means. The excellent papers on our ecclesiastical history would lose none of their legitimate effect by being sent to the Church papers without the useless preliminary of a public rehearsal before a mob of hearers, many of whom cannot hear, more of whom will not hear the reader. Anyone who has attended Congresses knows the impossibility of really listening to advantage when garrulous ladies from the country are exchanging greetings, and a constant movement is in progress. Sensible men abandon the attempt and wait for the report in the "Guardian." Moreover, if the accomplished scholars, who are pent up within the inexorable limits of twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour, had a larger liberty of expression, which they might well have in the columns of a journal, they would not fall into the snare of inaccurate or partial statement. A trained and trustworthy historian like Mr. Hutton, for example, would not commit himself to the assertion that the Reformation "did not even alter the relations between the Church and the State, except by the important settlement of 1532, which defined the relation of the Convocations, our only authorised Church assemblies, to the State." Even optimistic orators, if the distracting vision of enthusiastic applause from idolatrous crowds were purged from their minds, might chasten their rhetoric and weigh their words. Of course the disappearance of the annual Congress would be a grave disaster to cranks and agitators of all kinds. Mr. John Kensit, if our memory serve us, gained his first successes in the pursuit of notoriety at the Church Congress: other instances will not be far to seek of sudden prominence easily purchased at the cost of a little pertinacity and extravagance on that platform. If it be said, and perhaps this is the weightiest consideration in its favour, that the Congress serves a useful purpose in the religious campaign which the Church is always conducting in the nation, that it stirs interest, focusses opinion, and unifies the whole system, then we would suggest that a leaf be taken from the book of the political parties. Let an attempt be made to give a representative character to the Congress. The Diocesan Conferences are in theory, and to some faint degree in fact, representative. Two representatives from every Rural Deanery in England would provide about sixteen hundred members. If but one of them was a layman, the character of the Congress would be altered: if both brought their wives its numbers would be increased. If, finally, the Congress met once in three years, instead of annually as at present, it might become an important and even a serviceable body.

## ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

## VII.—THE LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST.

OF all the great English railway systems that of the Brighton Company is perhaps the most intricate. Its origin the line dates back to the year 1833, when

powers were obtained for the making of a line from London to Greenwich. In 1836 an Act was passed authorising a railway between London and Croydon (which, by the way, it was intended to work on the atmospheric principle), and this Croydon line was to use the Greenwich Company's track as far out as a junction at Corbett's Lane, near New Cross. By this time various schemes were in the air for connecting the metropolis by rail with Brighton: and finally an arrangement was come to that the Croydon line should be continued southward to the coast; the South-Eastern Company, which had meanwhile come into existence and obtained an Act for a railway to Dover, having to take a share in the construction of the new line as far as Redhill, from which point their route was to diverge to the eastward through Tonbridge and Ashford. The result of this arrangement is that from London Bridge to Redhill both South-Eastern and Brighton trains work over the same rails. In 1845 the South-Eastern absorbed the Greenwich Company, and in the following year the Brighton took over the Croydon line, so that between London and Redhill the first section of the line as far as Corbett's Lane belongs to the South-Eastern, the next stage from Corbett's Lane to Coulsdon is the property of the Brighton, whilst the remaining piece from Coulsdon to Redhill is South-Eastern again. Probably in the whole history of railways no arrangement has ever produced so much delay and inconvenience as the mixed ownership of this piece of line, the confusion on which has been aggravated by the fact that the traffic has long ago outgrown the accommodation provided. The companies cannot in fairness be blamed for the defects of a method of working which was really forced upon them by Parliament. Railway communication was established between London and Brighton in 1841. In 1846 the company reached Hastings and changed its title, adopting that by which it is now known; in 1847 the line to Portsmouth was opened, and the extension to Eastbourne followed two years later. In the natural history of railways when a line has once reached the coast there sooner or later comes a time when the company is seized with the ambition to possess steamships of its own and become a carrier by sea as well as by land, and this period of development was reached by the Brighton Company in 1852. Boats had long been run between Newhaven and Brighton and the French coast, but the service had been conducted in a desultory manner and needed much attention to make it even passable. The railway company obtained powers from Parliament to establish a fleet and a steamboat service of its own by which it has conducted a steadily growing traffic both in passengers and freight between Newhaven and France ever since. For a time also boats were run to Jersey in opposition to the South-Western from Southampton; but this proved an unprofitable venture and was soon abandoned.

At the time of the financial crisis of 1867 the Brighton Company found itself in great straits. The shareholders took matters into their own hands and replaced the old board by a new set of directors. At the same time extensive changes were made among the chief officials of the line; and the wisdom of this revolution was evidenced by the return of a prosperity which the company has since enjoyed without interruption. The Brighton is a passenger railway, its goods and mineral traffic being comparatively a negligible quantity. The various lines running from London draw their passengers from three well-defined sources. The first, comprising the suburbs and the small towns in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis, supplies the great mass of season ticket-holders who travel to and from their work daily; beyond this lies the zone in which so many well-to-do Londoners keep their country houses which they visit chiefly from Friday or Saturday to Monday; and farther away still are the great towns the traffic to and from which fills the long-distance expresses. The Brighton Company in addition to carrying on a very large suburban and week-end traffic has three main express routes—that to Brighton itself; that running eastwards to Newhaven, Eastbourne and Hastings; and that running west to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; and it must be confessed that on none of these is the service really first rate. Between

London and Brighton there is no train which reaches a speed of fifty miles an hour except the Sunday Pullman express, and even that does not run in the summer months; whilst of the nine trains from London which do not take more than eighty minutes to cover the fifty miles no less than four refuse to carry third-class passengers, two of them indeed being limited to first class only. Eastbourne has one down train in the afternoon and two up in the morning which just reach express speed; Hastings has none either up or down; whilst Newhaven with its important connexions to all parts of the Continent cannot boast of any train by which the distance of 56½ miles between London and the steamboat quay is covered in either direction in less than 85 minutes, notwithstanding that the boat trains running in connexion with the day boats carry no third-class passengers and are not particularly heavy. The service on the Portsmouth route shows some slight improvement on this, and considering the character of the line the Isle of Wight expresses are fairly creditable; but if the South-Western competition were real rather than apparent they would very soon be considerably quickened. Unfortunately for the public, when the South-Western's direct route to Portsmouth was opened over forty years ago a pooling arrangement was entered into between the two companies by which it was agreed that the receipts from all through traffic should be divided between them in certain proportions. Consequently there is no inducement to either company to offer any improvements, and as the Brighton route is many miles longer than the other the directors are no doubt wise enough from their point of view in letting well alone.

The Brighton line was extended to its west-end terminus in the year 1860. Victoria Station is splendidly situated for gathering a large and aristocratic traffic; but in this case as in so many others the original builders of the station entirely failed to foresee the enormous dimensions to which the traffic was to grow; and for many years past the company has been engaged in the thankless task of trying to put several quarts into a pint pot, with the natural result that delays have been frequent and serious. Indeed for the whole of the first twenty miles out of Victoria there has long been urgent need of further accommodation and latterly the task of providing it has been fairly taken in hand. Some relief has been given between Grosvenor Road and Victoria, below Clapham Junction the track has been widened, and most important of all there was opened a few months ago a new line which gives the Brighton company a route from Croydon to beyond Redhill entirely independent of the South-Eastern. A comprehensive scheme of widening between Clapham Junction and Grosvenor Road cannot be long delayed, and it may reasonably be hoped that when completed the alterations now in contemplation, together with those already carried out, will allow a considerable improvement to be effected in both speed and punctuality.

The most satisfactory feature of this company's services is the work done by the Channel steamboats which it owns in partnership with the Western Railway of France. The modern era on this route dates from the first appearance of the "Paris" and "Rouen," two handsome 19-knot ships which were built at the time of the last Paris Exhibition. These were the last paddle-boats put on the station; since then the new ships have had twin screws. In 1891 came the "Seine" the first express boat built on the other side of the Channel, the French company subsequently adding the "Tamise" (fitted with Belleville boilers) and "La Manche." Meanwhile the Brighton line had in 1895 put on the "Seaford;" and when that unfortunate vessel was sunk in mid-Channel by collision in a fog at the outset of her career they replaced her by the "Sussex." This summer the English partners have further strengthened the service by the addition of a very fine ship, the "Arundel," and the passenger fleet as it now stands is one of which the joint owners have every reason to be proud.

The coaching stock of this railway is very much better than it was a few years ago though there are still too many of the old-fashioned lightly built carriages in use. The Brighton is the only English company



which continues to run a large number of Pullman cars, confined of course to first-class passengers, and their experience in this direction seems to have been much more satisfactory than that of the Midland. The "Pullman Limited" which runs twice daily between Victoria and Brighton is certainly the most comfortable train in this country, and the only one in which English travellers can obtain some idea of the luxurious accommodation given in the great expresses on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Brighton locomotives have during a long period been popular favourites; though, possibly owing to paintshop economies in these hard times, the stock as a whole hardly presents the same very smart appearance which it did ten years ago. At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 one of the famous little "terrier" tank engines was awarded a gold medal; and one of the still more famous "Gladstones," the most powerful express engines for their weight that have ever been built, received a similar honour in 1889. The "Gladstones" have had a peculiarly successful career, their designer having been one of the first engineers in this country to recognise the supreme importance of large boiler power for modern work. They are also interesting in view of the fact that they are the only first-class engines that have ever been constructed with leading wheels of so large a diameter as 6½ feet. Within the last few months a new type of engine has been produced at Brighton which is one of the handsomest in the country, and had the company seen its way to send a locomotive to Paris this year the "Sirdar" would have worthily upheld the reputation gained by the "Brighton" and the "Edward Blount."

*\* \* Next week's article in this series will be on the London and South-Western.*

#### OLD-TIME TRAVEL :

##### THE TOUR OF THE TABLES.

THE Continent has become the playground of all and sundry. A few sovereigns cover an æsthetic trip to Rome, and at religious congresses held beneath the peaks of the Oberland, the athletic and impecunious curate can combine business with pleasure. Speakers at these friendly gatherings not unfrequently congratulate themselves on the improved morality of Northern Europe and of Germany in particular. There are no longer the almost irresistible temptations to gamble, and if a man wants to play fast and loose with his money in public, he must either stop of set purpose at some fashionable and costly marine resort or make a special pilgrimage to Monte Carlo. And in the tourist season, even at breezy Monte Carlo, the heat is extreme. A generation ago, no Briton of average strength of will could make any exact calculation of his expenses, for the Circes who lured him into difficulties with delusive hopes, were lying in wait for him in all the most enchanting localities. So the surfeited dyspeptic, and the gouty-rheumatic condemned to the dreary monotony of the bath cure were relentlessly laid under contribution by princes and potentates. There was no compulsion, but it came to the same in the end, for they played on the common passions of human nature—the love of excitement and the lust of gain. Some of the poorer Dukelets and Princelets had fallen on evil days, with the cessation of the lively war-demand for the subjects they had sold to slaughter. They were reduced to dire financial straits: they dined on bouilli and supped on sauer-kraut, though still maintaining the pomps of threadbare state with the train of Court dignitaries sadly out at elbows. Then the long-headed gaming speculator came to the rescue. There was wealth untold in the pockets of the foreigners who flooded the country, now that there were railways through the Low Countries and steamers on the Rhine. So the Prince of Hesse-Homburg, whose tiny territory could be covered with a pocket handkerchief, though his father had wedded the sister of the English sovereign, became suddenly enriched beyond the dreams of avarice. It was our countrymen who built the sumptuous Casino at Homburg and laid out the splendid gardens, with

generous assistance from the Russian serf-owners, the Wallachian boyards and the Frankfort Jews. But all nations were drawn, more or less, into the vortex of the Maelstrom, and prosperity was fostered by the fatherly ordinance which denied home-born Germans admission to the rooms. The Prince of Homburg might plead his poverty if he had any searchings of conscience, and other speculative members of the German Diet had a similar excuse. He baited the trap besides with his ferruginous springs which had real medicinal value after a course of dinners and dissipation and with the invigorating breezes sweeping down from the Taunus. Other princes, with less pecuniary reason, provided similar counter-attractions in more romantic scenery. The Duke of Nassau, one of the wealthiest of magnates, with immense estates in Southern Germany, was running opposition tables at Ems and Wiesbaden: and with his genial manners proved an excellent decoy, for he would drop in sans façon to the table d'hôte at his own casino, though we believe that he did the decoying unconsciously and unostentatiously. The Grand Duke of Baden was also well-to-do in the world, but it would have needed superhuman virtue to resist the temptation of turning the bewitching coquetry of Baden to lucrative account. With its gardens and shady alleys, with the Black Forest behind and the Rhine plain before, it was the favourite resort of the Parisian loungeur and the lorette. Both were fleeced impartially by M. Benayet. There was little of exaggeration in the M. Le Roy of About's inimitable "Trente et Quarante," who set apart an annual sum to be thrown to the croupiers of Baden. But few of his friends could boast M. Le Roy's self-restraint or financial wisdom, for he strictly limited the amount of the annual losing, and regarded the losses to fair Parisians when he was in luck as so much snatched out of the fire and an investment in future smiles. At the fashionable Kursaals, though they were free to all strangers, decent dress and convenable manners were de rigueur. The Elector of Hesse was less fastidious, and cast the nets for all comers without exception. At the little woodland bath of Wilhelmsbad in the environs of Frankfort, we have seen the passing waggoner pull up, and enter the gilded salons in blouse and hobnailed boots to lose his half-florin. Elsewhere, a florin was the minimum stake.

It was all very wrong, but very pleasant, and a German tour since the compulsory passing of the self-denying ordinance is very much duller than of yore. Then you strode onward from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, and round each picturesque centre where the wheels of roulette were revolving, there was the phantasmagoric whirl of real or factitious gaiety. You started from Spa, the historical shrine of the Goddess of Fortune, where Charles Fox was entered to play by his fond father—still standing on its immemorial reputation, homely and austere conservative. The roulette and rouge-et-noir went forward at one end of the long room: at the other were tables strewn with journals. At its great German rivals', on the other hand, all was dazzling, seductive and meretricious. The very atmosphere was enervating: the great winners and heavy losers were the heroes of the hotels: at the Europe or the Nassau a Garcia would leave his door open, to display the variety of costly knickknacks he had gathered as trophies of victory in the course of a run of luck. Charles Lever, the historiographer of the games he loved too well, has happily hit off the ephemeral triumphs of a rouge-et-noir king in poor Jim of the Dodd family: though Jim is improbable as Con Cregan, for both left their brogue and rusticity in their native bogs, emerging from the Celtic grub as full-blown cosmopolitan butterflies. When you paused at one of these charmed haunts in sensuous summer weather, if you hesitated and yielded, you were lost. Like Johnson with strong liquors, you might abstain but could not be temperate. You staked a trifle for the mere fun of the thing: you were caught in the skirts of the vortex, and so your sojourn was prolonged from day to day. If you won, it seemed sheer folly not to back your luck: if you lost, you felt bound to retrieve your fortunes. Once committed, the Kursaal was an irresistible magnet. In the noonday heat, when you might have gone wandering in the forest glades, you edged off, automatically, to the Kursaal gardens.

You meant, of course, to lounge, to read, to smoke. There was the building with its striped sun-blinds, a cool palace of delights. Already through the open windows, came the soft clinking of napoleons, melodious as the murmur of the bees on the heliotrope beds. Severely turning your back on the seduction, you strolled up the wooded slopes. But as all roads proverbially lead to Rome, all these paths trended back imperceptibly towards the tables. The landscape gardener understood his business and had well earned his wage. Moreover, as you walked, you had been meditating on combinations of the previous evening, recalling the flutter of the bank-notes and the raking in or out of the gold. Then Mammon got the mastery and ere you knew where you were, the fateful portals were passed, and your stick was in custody of the porter.

Yes, the peril of gambling is the fascination, which gains on you daily in more than arithmetical progression. In the evening, after dinner and the flow of wine and gaming talk, it is apt to degenerate into something like an orgy. An orgy, that is to say of the mind and the passions, for external display is severely repressed, and nothing could show more forcibly the imperious ascendancy of conventionalities over the emotions. The worst losers were the Jews and the women. We have seen one of these Israelites who used to make the Sabbath-day's journey from Frankfort to Homburg clutching convulsively at his diamond-studded shirt-front, and side by side was a lady who had changed the last of her bank-notes, tearing with throbbing fingers at the gloves which were soaked like her face in perspiration. But as a rule the man who was beggared made no sign, though we should not have cared to follow him to his solitary bedroom. Suicides were so rare, that they were invariably bruited abroad, though of course the administration did everything to hush them up. When a victim was so lost to propriety as to shoot himself in public, the remains were often treated with studied ignominy. As the director argued, the player who plays le tout pour le tout should have nerve for either fortune. He has no consideration for the bank and the bank need have none for him. And as the reckless gambler is necessarily sanguine, it takes a great deal to reduce him to blank despair. After the violent reaction, he is all right, and hopefully devising schemes for reconstructing his fortunes, unless indeed he has burned his boats by indulging in forgery or embezzlement. Much tragedy there must have been, but it was seldom obtruded, and on the other hand you were amused with continual comedy. The novices in their excitement, would forget themselves altogether, especially when fortune was favouring them. We have seen a demure Scottish captain in Her Majesty's service carry off a Highland bonnetful of five-franc pieces he had neglected to change for gold. A slip on the polished floor, the pieces were rolling far and near, with half the salon scrambling for them with peals of laughter. He did not at all fall into the humour of the thing, when comparatively few were politely returned. Then there were the Circes who "borrowed" of their luckier neighbours, and the elderly Harpies, painted and bejewelled, who snatched at other people's winnings, and created a scandal, which was generally settled for the sake of peace by both parties being paid: and the Sisters of Charity who waylaid notorious winners when they emerged from the supper-room, flushed with hock or champagne. For Charity was ever on the watch to take toll of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. Now all these things have passed away and decorum reigns in those haunts of the dissipated. The flying tourist who finds them dull as ditchwater need have no fear of having his wings clipped, and the invalids who are there for serious water-drinking, instead of giving themselves over to be shorn, compound for a commuted *kurtax*. Morality gains, but weak humanity regrets.

#### MÈRE CASIMIR.

"Il était une fois."

AFTER weeks of summer idleness, the Jeunesse of the Rive Gauche returns to the Boul' Mich' more exhilarated, more extravagant, more garrulous than ever. It is glad to get back; it is eager to perpetrate

new follies. Clothed in fresh corduroys, covered with astonishing hats, it calls for big boots—then questions the waiter. But before he can reply with an account of what has happened in the Quarter during the holidays, the Jeunesse must review its own recent reminiscences; so that "sacré François" has to hear how Paul has been bathing, Pierre bicycling, Gaston gardening: and how all three wore "le boating" costume "mon cher," and white shoes, and a pale blue sash; and that their food was often cheese and salad "comme les paysans," and their drink invariably milk "comme les gosses." Incidents? Paul became as pale and melancholy as a pierrot once—she was a blonde . . . in a cottage . . . who rose at sunrise and retired at dusk. And Paul rose equally early to hear her sing as she walked in her garden; and, from a lane, watched her window for hours—then wandered wistfully abroad—at night. Suddenly, she disappeared, but when Paul heard she had gone to a distant home, he who had never exchanged a word with her and did not even know her name, he, the gayest character in the Quarter, aged a hundred years all at once. Thus, Paul; no less reminiscent Pierre and Gaston—so that Mdles. Mimi and Musette, at once jealous and impatient, relate their experiences, which, by the way, they exaggerate in order to infuriate this Jeunesse. He, also, was a blond, and wore an incomparable suit of "le boating." How he swam—more gracefully than Paul. How he bicycled—more swiftly than Pierre. How he gardened—producing choicer flowers than Gaston. "Enough," cries the Jeunesse; and François, toying with his cloth, is at last allowed to give an account of doings on the Rive Gauche. Of course the Quarter has been dull; yet stricken with no tragedy. Tourists have sought for students, naturally in vain. Only a few Mimis and Musettes were presented to be inspected: forlorn Mimis and Musettes aînées. So speaks François every year; but—when the students usher in this season, when the Boul' Mich' is bright and exhilarated, amiable and happy, they will learn that death in their absence has claimed the queer little woman who carried matches, who danced before them, who piped old-time airs and related old-time anecdotes, who lived amongst them ever since it is possible for them to remember under the name of Mère Casimir.

No town but Paris could have produced the little old woman, and no other town would have put up with her. Were there a Mère Casimir in London she would be living in the workhouse, severely superintended, constantly reprimanded. In Paris, however, she was free: a shabby old creature with white hair, bent over her tray of matches—no taller than your walking-stick. Like her amazing friend, Bibi la Purée, she rarely strayed from the Latin Quarter; just as he speaks of himself as Bibi, so she invariably referred to herself as Mère Casimir. But whereas Bibi has always led a Bohemian life, she had luxurious times; triumphant times; times when roués and men of the "monde" ogled her, and worshipped her, as she drove in the Bois and stepped on to the stage at the Opera. And she laughed in a feeble, cracked voice when she described those days; and rubbed her withered hands; and nodded her bowed white head; and piped the first line of a sad refrain—"Il était une fois." But Mère Casimir holding forth on the Boul' Mich' was a more sympathetic and certainly more honest character than the demi-mondaine who spilled champagne and smashed mirrors during the days of the Empire. The transition had not saddened her; she was always gay. Deeply attached to Murger's children, she professed a greater love for them than ever she bore Monsieur le Marquis and Monseigneur le Duc. "Des rosses," she said of the last; "des cœurs," was her favourite way of describing the good Bohemians of the Latin Quarter.

Three years have passed since we first saw her in the Café Procope, now also no more. It was one in the morning; the olive man and nougat merchant had called; the flower woman had said good-night: the next visitor was Mère Casimir. So feeble was she that she could hardly push open the door; and, when the waiter let her in, she curtsied to him, then to the consommateurs. No one bought her matches; but she was given hock. Sous were collected among the habitués on her behalf: they were to persuade her to



dance. But Mère Casimir had grown stiff with time; her step was unsteady: she could do no more than hop and curtsy, bob and bend, smile and crow, kiss and wave her hand. "Il était une fois," she protested at the end. Invited to refresh herself at our table, she curtsied once more, sat down. And then we heard all about her early days; how she shone at the opera; how she attended extravagant suppers; how she broke hearts; how Napoleon III. himself had noticed her; how she sang Béranger ditties . . . she would sing one now . . . "écoutez."—Rising, she piped feebly once more. Ah! the Tuileries. Mère Casimir compared them to the gardens of the Elysée, and sighed. She was anti-Republican. What was a President to a King? What was the opera now? and the Bois? and the clubs? How dull was the procession to Longchamps! "The Republic has changed all that," she protested fervently; and although Mère Casimir's reminiscences are put down as mere fables by many, they bore, at that moment, the stamp of sincerity and truth. Suddenly, the old woman became silent; bent almost in half behind the table, she was scarcely visible. Minutes went by: but she remained motionless. And the waiter, thinking her asleep, called out, "Eh bien, la vieille!" Then Mère Casimir started; and nodded her head; and rose; and thanked the consommateurs with a last curtsy; and told us she hoped to dance to us on another occasion; and, before going out into the darkness, murmured once more—"Il était une fois."

Nights afterwards, we met her again on the Boul' Mich'; she was passing from table to table on the terrace of the Café Harcourt. "Les cœurs" were good to her—especially Murger's daughters. And she tasted olives and nougat; and was given a rose by Paul, and got sous without having to offer back matches. And the waiters were friendly also; and so was the stout black-coated proprietor. In return Mère Casimir sang her song and danced her dance; and was cheered, encouraged. Once, on another occasion, we saw her consoling Mimi Aînée in a corner. We could not hear what she had to say; but Mimi Aînée, looking less sad when Mère Casimir had left her, told the garçon that she was a "bonne vieille": and, although penniless before, ordered a bock and a sandwich later. At two in the morning, Mère Casimir disappeared. No one knew her address; but she could be seen feebly making her way up the Boul' Mich', and, turning, to pass the Panthéon. The quarter is ugly there—for the streets are narrow and dim. Chiffonniers and suspicious characters with scarlet sashes abound; one or two sinister-looking wine-shops remind one of those in the "Mystères de Paris." Through the grimy windows you can watch the consommateurs installed at rude tables within. And once, while exploring, we saw Mère Casimir, accompanied by Bibi la Purée, behind those windows—seated side by side, with a bottle of wine before them. And we entered and approached them; apologising for our intrusion. Bibi was the host, and Mère Casimir his guest—several times a week they met in this manner. There, they exchanged reminiscences: Bibi of Verlaine, Mère Casimir of Monsieur le Marquis and other roués under the Empire. There, they drank and took pinches from a wisp of paper: Bibi provided the wine, Mère Casimir the snuff. There, they chanted Béranger ditties: Bibi huskily, Mère Casimir in her cracked, feeble voice. There, they were happy and at peace—an affectionate, extraordinary pair. At intervals strange men came in, and slouched out; whispering went on in corners. But no one noticed Bibi and Mère Casimir, and they themselves ignored the drinkers in the room. "Il est gai, n'est-ce pas, mon Bibi?" Mère Casimir would inquire. "Elle est encore jeune, n'est-ce pas, la Mère Casimir?" Bibi la Purée next demanded. Then Mère Casimir laughed in a cracked, feeble voice; and rubbed her withered hands; and nodded her bowed white head; and piped the first line of the sad refrain—"Il était une fois."

#### THE AMATEUR TRAMP.

JOSIAH FLYNT, as he calls himself, whose remarkable book, "Tramping with Tramps," has just been brought out, in an English edition (London:

Unwin, 1900. 6s.), was born a wanderer, and I do not know what remains for him in the world when he has tramped all over it. I have known him for many years, we have explored many cities together, and crossed more than one sea, and travelled along the highroads of more than one country; and I have before now tried to set down some record of perhaps the most singular person I know. But I find, whatever details concerning him I set down, there is always something remaining over, which I cannot get into the picture, yet without which there would be no picture to paint. A little, pale, thin young man, quietly restless, with determined eyes and tight lips, a face prepared for all disguises, yet with a strangely personal life looking out at you, ambiguously enough, from underneath, he is never quite at home under a roof or in the company of ordinary people, where he seems always like one caught and detained unwillingly. An American, who has studied in a German University, brought up, during all his early life, in Berlin, he has always had a fixed distaste for the interests of those about him, and an instinctive passion for whatever exists outside the border-line which shuts us in upon respectability. There is a good deal of affectation in the literary revolt against respectability, together with a child's desire to shock its elders, and snatch a lurid reputation from those whom it professes to despise. My friend has never had any of this affectation; life is not a masquerade to him, and his disguises are the most serious part of his life. The simple fact is, that respectability, the normal existence of normal people, does not interest him; he could not even tell you why, without searching consciously for reasons; he was born with the soul of a vagabond, into a family of gentle, exquisitely refined people: he was born so, that is all. Human curiosity, which in most of us is subordinate to some more definite purpose, exists in him for its own sake; it is his inner life, he has no other; his form of self-development, his form of culture. It seems to me that this man, who has seen so much of humanity, who has seen humanity so closely, where it has least temptation to be anything but itself, has really achieved culture, almost perfect of its kind, though the kind be of his own invention. He is not an artist, who can create; he is not a thinker or a dreamer, or a man of action; he is a student of men and women, and of the outcasts among men and women, just those people who are least accessible, least cared for, least understood, and therefore, to one like my friend, most alluring. He is not conscious of it, but I think there is a great pity at the heart of this devouring curiosity. It is his love of the outcast which makes him like to live with outcasts, not as a visitor in their midst, but as one of themselves.

For here is the difference between this man and the other adventurers who have gone about among tramps, and criminals, and other misunderstood or unfortunate people. Some have been philanthropists, and have gone with Bible in their hands; others have been journalists, and have gone with note-books in their hands; all have gone as visitors, and as passing visitors, plunging into what Baudelaire calls "the bath of the multitude," as one might go holiday-making to the sea-side and plunge into the sea. But this man, wherever he has gone has gone with a complete abandonment to his surroundings; no tramp has ever known that "Cigarette" was not really a tramp; he has begged, worked, ridden outside trains, slept in workhouses and gaols, not shirked one of the hardships of his way; and all the time he has been living his own life (whatever that enigma may be!) more perfectly, I am sure, than when he is dining every day at his mother's or his sister's table.

I confess I am more interested in the man than in anything he has written, or in anything that I can imagine him writing. Part of what I find so attractive in him is that he is not a man of letters. Writing has come to him as an accident; and, in writing, his danger is to be too literal for art, and not quite literal enough for science. But few men have realised, as he has realised, that "not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end." He has chosen his life for himself, and he has lived it, regardless of anything else in the world. He has desired strange, almost inaccessible things, and he has attained whatever he

has desired. While other men have lamented their fate, wished their lives different, nursed vague ambitions, and dreamed fruitless dreams, he has quietly given up comfort and conventionality, not caring for them, and he has gone his own way without even stopping to think whether the way were difficult or desirable. Not long since, he was walking with a friend in the streets of New York, when he suddenly said: "Do you know, I wonder what it is like to chase a man? I know what it is like to be chased, but that would be a new sensation." The friend laughed, and thought no more about it. A week later, Flynt came to him and showed him an official document, appointing him a private detective. He was set on the track of a famous criminal, made his plans, worked them out successfully, and captured the criminal. Then he was satisfied; he has done no more work as a detective. Is there not, in such an incident as this, a wonderful promptness, sureness, a moral quality which is itself success in life? To desire so much, and what is so human; to make one's life out of the very fact of living it as one chooses; to create a unique personal satisfaction out of discontent and curiosity; to be so much oneself in learning so much from other people; is not this, in its way, an ideal, and the achievement of an ideal?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

### ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—III.

RODIN.

THE prevalence of sculpture in France and its spasmodic cultivation in other countries is illustrated by the monstrous court of the great Palace; but if any glimmer of light has been given me to know genius by when I see it, I protest that the man who bows his head and looking neither to left nor right, walks swiftly through that court will be little the loser. There are degrees, of course; confine me to this court and I shall pick out a number of men who are relatively sculptors compared with the rest; but when side by side with them may be seen a man who is absolutely a sculptor, one of the most inspired in the entire history of the art, I refuse upon one day to use the same name for the most reputable of the unpossessed. On all these altars the priests of an absent god go through the accustomed rites, or in the fury of incantation dance and cut themselves; on one the wild prophet has called down fire; the god has answered and is there. Criticism seems to me a sorry farce that does not mark so tremendous a difference, and when I observe the amiable representatives of journals hesitating whether they "like" the "Balzac" of Rodin in a tone proper to the discussion of elegant exercises by members of the Institute, the æsthetic dabbings in sculpture of our English contemporaries, or the ambitious essays of America, I feel very much as if I were invited to compare the respective amenities of Mount Sinai and Tooting Rise. As a pleasure resort the latter height may have advantages for quiet minds; nay more, an apparition like the "Balzac" may well seem likely to leave the art that has invoked it rent and shattered, not to be taken up there by lesser hands, but in the name of all that is reasonable let us distinguish between the height where such an apparition has been possible and has been accomplished, and those spots where the visitor is secure of a well-regulated absence of the divine fire.

Rodin's own exhibition is just outside the Exhibition fence at the Pont de l'Alma. But without leaving the great Palace it is possible to settle this previous question of his rank. In the inner court, where the retrospective collection of the century's sculpture is arranged, the fire begins to glow in precursors like Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, and just by the door a figure stands in which life unmistakably stirs. It is the first man, made of clay, and half awake, reluctantly heaving himself up out of lethargy. To see it is to be released from the obstruction, the cold tedium of a thousand marble mummies. Moving within itself, profoundly occupied, possessed by the trouble and astonishment of the awakening in its every part, in the heavy head, in the limbs that hear the call a little later and answer slowly, this figure gives back to us all that we suffer or thrill to when day summons us from dreams or that

we recover or conceive in the passage of a spirit out of Night.

So simple, so free, so quickly delivering us to dreams it stands, that only by a second thought we measure the art of its design. It will bear long examination from one point after another to note how this shape, so highly endowed with expressive life, plays also a rhythmical music among its parts, and that this is one secret of its life. It might seem impossible that a head, a torso, two arms, two legs, elements so few should recombine in so many patterns, all simple, all subtle and surprising, all enforcing that one slow dragging upward gesture of the awakening man. From in front the shape is almost rectangular, the head droops so flat upon the shoulder, with its profile in the slightest relief upon the plane of the chest, while the arms hang in heavy parallel. From other points of view the forms so simply enclosed in this set up new correspondences and you would think the whole had been designed for each new angle of vision. How far away we are here from the ordinary "well posed" statue, that soft vacant embarrassed porter of the luggage of his own limbs, who appears to say, "I think I get over the difficulty of possessing a head with some success in this position, and I trust that parcel, my arm, will not seriously be in your way if you go round to the other side." Every art-student knows how lovely are the attitudes of a model when resting between the poses or when getting into position, the body all logically obeying an impulse of action or repose; the same model, brought up to the chalk-mark and hung in a mixture of painful rest and frozen action, all his muscles in contradiction, is the ugliest object possible, and conveys nothing but the uncomfortable suspicion that the human creature is a grotesque animal. To the ordinary sculptor the subject is this awkward, unoccupied animal, a useless flaccid anatomy incapable of living pattern, a model hopeless outside of a few customary poses. To Rodin the human body is an endless spring of pattern in its own natural play, not the embarrassed anatomy of the art school, but the instrument primeval and perpetual of all the impulses that set the limbs dancing in the woods, cramp them in threatening tension, relax them in the oblivion of sleep or torment them in wild embraces.

The man who can recover and seize all this, the natural poetry of the body, will speak to you about his art as if it were no art at all. He goes to his models, so far as he can explain his proceedings, with no preconception. "Nature," he says, "is everything." Everything, we may reply, when a great artist watches her, watches the welter till the desirable form is thrown up, and then stops the wheel. But we shall be shallow indeed, stupefied by the supercilious jargon of art, if we do not take the meaning of Rodin when he is at the pains to repeat this precept without ceasing. The lesser artist finds that Nature "puts him out;" the greatest finds that Nature lets him in. The deepest originality of all lies in this close flexible commerce, ready to break and discard and recreate the moulds of form. A few times in the history of the world is there a real watcher, who knows the facts and can seize new patterns in them. At the Renaissance Leonardo had this open mind, this knowledge, this fineness of perception, but he suffered from a disability, a groping and loss when the design had to be fixed. Donatello had the open mind, the knowledge and the power. Rodin the plastic poet reaches so near the insuperable heights of Michael Angelo that it is easy to overlook the closer commerce, the more ardent curiosity, the completer sympathy of the modern with the expression of the body. "Michael Angelo," he said once in conversation with Mr. Brownell,\* "used to do a little anatomy of an evening, and then work without the model next morning." In range, moreover, as well as intensity of form, including the decrepitude of "La Vieille Heaumière" and the gaunt Bourgeois of Calais as well as buoyant athletic figures, he differs. He treads the last measures with humanity and snatches beauty from its disgrace and dissolution. The stark Baptist, the "Pumpkin," the Niccolò da Uzzano of Donatello, pitiful

\* W. C. Brownell, *French Art*, Nutt, 1892, an admirable series of studies.



age in Rembrandt, are the analogues here, rather than the superhuman of Michael Angelo. It is by comparison with no lesser men that we can define the attitude and the power of Rodin.

When we have once recognised the difference in kind that singles Rodin out from his contemporaries, his mastery of form, his originality of invention, his daemon of inspiration, we may begin to notice how the singleness of his attitude affects the completeness of his art. Then we shall find that the passionate watcher of Nature for the patterns she may bring is wanting on the strictly architectural side. Rodin seems to have no idea of a preconceived framework, obeying laws not of natural form, but as strict as these and as much a region of invention and inspiration. Human structure bonuds his thought. His nearest approach to this idea is that of a rocky, shadowy matrix, a chaotic womb from which the statue is delivered. When pedestals, portals and other architectural forms are given into his hands, his impulse is to violate them, to carry sculpture across the frame. For this reason I doubt whether the "Gate of Hell" will ever reach a real completion, will ever be more than an extraordinary *fourmillement* of groups and *morceaux*: the violated architecture revenges itself by refusing the sculptor's ideas a clear development. The limits are no limits, and the dream expands and relaxes endlessly like a river within crumbling banks.

So much a fanatic of human form is Rodin that he appears to regard architecture as justified only by chance resemblance to unusual appearances of the body. This is comically illustrated by certain of the recent drawings, summary indications of pose, with which the artist has amused himself. In one or two a woman's figure kneeling with head bent back so as to be almost invisible, and arms pinned tightly behind the back, gives a resemblance to the shape of a vase. Arrived at by this freakish extravagant means M. Rodin relishes the form.

Such examples mark the defect in Rodin that tempts him to fragmentary work, beginning and ending vaguely. But we shall miss our way very completely indeed if we do not discover the architectural sense, weak in pure architecture, working within the limits of human structure. I mean that the ingenuity by which Rodin contrives enveloping lines for his compositions out of the human forms themselves is extraordinary. Give him a figure or a group of figures, and like a performer who discards all but the barest materials for his game of skill he frames his design and envelopes it by the shapes of these figures themselves, not by distortion, but by contriving them in the most expressive action.

I have often heard it said that the "Bourgeois de Calais" is a group of single figures, possessing no unity of design, or at best affording only a single point of view. Those who say so have never examined it with attention. The way in which these figures move among themselves, as the spectator walks round, so as to produce from every fresh angle sweeping commanding lines, each of them thus playing a dozen parts at once, is to me one of the most astounding feats of the genius of design. I do not know anything in the history of art comparable with this feat. What Donatello could do with a group of children, close wreathed together in a relief, presenting a single aspect, is here carried out with detached, highly individualised figures like portraits, in the round. It is a degree of design clean beyond the conception of ordinary powers. The monument to Victor Hugo, with the attendant Voices, is an intenser grouping. Never surely so high a passion and inspiration went to the portraiture of a poet, or welded three forms together in so vital a design. The old man sits, anger smouldering in his life-beaten head, and the voice of all tempests swoops at one ear. One hand is up to catch the sound, and the other is already thrust out to deliver the storm-verse, but behind him, as in a pause of the hurricane, rises the stiller counsellor. In this figure as in the Spirit Awakening we receive that sense of slow upward movement within a simply enclosed block that reaches a climax in the defiant massive surge of the "Balzac." By what a science of form, by what daring sacrifices and emphases of art that expression was arrived at, we may guess by its baffling simplicity.

Visitors to the gallery should seize the opportunity to turn over the pages of the collection of drawings published by Goupil some years ago. I fancy there is no copy in our public libraries, and the edition was a small one. They will find in these designs a torrent of passion and chimæra comparable to Blake's, inspiring an artist who is also a master of form. A few of these are reproduced in the numbers of "La Plume" devoted to the Exhibition. A wealth of little clay projects in all stages of completion is shown besides the bigger monuments. How inevitable are some of these motives that nevertheless no one has ever thought of before; for example the woman throned and kissed under the soles of her feet is a superbly abject act of adoration!

The combination of this impassioned dreamer with the tireless searcher who will give months to unravelling the secret of the turn of a limb, who therefore speaks the direct body's language in utterances the most mysterious awful and affecting, is the rare union that has given the nineteenth century one of the supreme artists of all time.

D. S. M.

#### A HINT TO THE DRURIOCRACY.

"YES," slowly replied one of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's Cabinet Ministers to a lobbyist eager to know whether there were any news from the East, "we have news—very great news, very wonderful, very satisfactory!" The last adjective sounded to me, at the moment, rather bathetic, and lowered my opinion of Mr. Raleigh's literary sense. Whatsoever is great and wonderful must, I felt, be satisfactory as a matter of course. But reflection brought me round to Mr. Raleigh's side. "The Price of Peace" itself is very great, very wonderful, and not (I venture to think) satisfactory at all. Nothing could be finer than the background, more delicious than the bare situations. A bride rejecting her bridegroom at the altar of Westminster Abbey, a Prime Minister confessing at the table of the House of Commons that he has murdered a Russian diplomat, and going one better than Chatham by dying before anyone can conduct him into the lobby—these things, and many other things in this melodrama, leave nothing to be desired. But they are not presented in the right spirit. What no one will take seriously ought not to be presented as serious matter. What will amuse everyone ought to be made more amusing by humorous treatment. To Drury Lane we all go to be impressed by the scenery and amused by the play; none of us goes to be thrilled by the play. Impressed by the scenery we all are. Amused we all are by the play. But our smiles would be laughs if Mr. Raleigh had but the courage of his material—the tact for it, rather. It cannot be argued that Mr. Raleigh, under guidance, would be incapable of using his material aright. He is known to be a humourist. He, I am sure, smiles in writing his plays not less than we in witnessing them. Why will he not allow that smile to shine through them? Why does he persist in writing as though he were engaged in serious melodramaturgy?

The recent annals of the Adelphi Theatre prove that the taste for serious melodrama is obsolescent. The metropolis, at least, has become too sophisticated for the blond hero and the dark villain of that dear old form, cheering the one and hissing the other only in a perfunctory way, for old sakes' sake, with no belief in either of them. If the metropolis cares little now for serious melodrama, how much less can it care for the kind of melodrama which never (save for the manner of its authors) had any vestige of seriousness about it! The form invented by the late Sir Augustus Harris and perpetuated by Mr. Arthur Collins is simply this: half a dozen backgrounds representing fashionable or popular scenes, plus some motive for throwing some Adelphic characters against them. Obviously, this form excludes the probability of a good melodrama. It is conceivable that with infinite ingenuity and good luck a good melodrama might be written in it. But the fact remains that no one ever has written in it a play which could cheat the audience into forgetting that the scenery was the dominant matter. Nor is it likely that any melodramatist ever will be ingenious

and lucky enough to do the trick. But suppose that such a monster were to arise and do the trick, and suppose that meanwhile a taste for serious melodrama had revived in London, would the audience at Drury Lane get an æsthetic illusion? It would not. The essence of melodrama is improbability. An unsophisticated audience will accept the improbable as possible, will be illuded, if the background is not definitely related to common life. An ancestral home, or a village street, or a hillside, or the vasty deep, is an accommodating place where all sorts of things may happen without being laughed at. But such places as "Niagara" and Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons set sharp limits to receptivity. An audience knows so well what really happens in them that any lurid incidents cast into them by the melodramatist become at once ridiculous. Thus, even if a good serious melodrama were by hook or crook written in the Drurian mode, it would not be worth while. I hope I have said enough to discourage Mr. Raleigh from making another forlorn attempt. Mr. Collins may say to him "Pay no attention! I am perfectly satisfied with these plays of yours. Go on in the same way every year of your life!" It is, indeed, quite true that these plays are vastly successful, by reason of their setting. But my point is that they would be even more successful if Mr. Raleigh would take his humour in both hands and make them avowedly funny.

I do not know whether Mr. Raleigh has ever read Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." If he has not done so, he must. In that delicious book he will find the means of his salvation. He will find there something very like his own work, with a great difference from it. He will find the most preposterous and unheard-of things happening in the very heart of London as we know it: robberies, conspiracies, murders, lovers' meetings, flights, rapes—all the stuff of melodrama scattered blithely broadcast around the railings of Leicester Square. All the scenes are described in a manner of most minute realism. Melodrama has here as realistic a background as at Drury Lane. But here it is not merely diverting: it is excruciatingly funny, for every page is lit up by the irony of the writer. The smile shines through, and how lustily we rejoice in every fresh adventure! Nay! the frank absurdity of everything, the fact that no appeal is made to reason, enables us to believe that everything actually happens. Prince Florizel is for us a real figure, *quia impossibilis*, and we hold our breath in the mysterious mansion while he goes forth into the dawn-lit garden to kill in single combat the President of the Suicide Club. We are bursting with laughter, and yet we are really frightened. When Mr. Raleigh's Prime Minister shoots the Russian diplomat we are merely conscious that Lord Salisbury would do nothing of the kind: we are not moved, because Mr. Raleigh wishes us to be moved. But if Mr. Raleigh would be frankly extravagant, making his characters speak some such fantastic language as is spoken by Stevenson's, then we should really be thrilled even in our roars of laughter. Mr. Raleigh could not of course reproduce the queer beauty of that language; but he might at least be comically high-flown. Would that Stevenson himself were alive to dramatise one of his own extravagant tales for Drury Lane! I fancy he would have delighted in the task. "The Dynamiter" would be quite irresistible under Mr. Collins' auspices, with a realistic reproduction of the outrage of Red Lion Court, in which, as Zero pathetically boasted, "a child was injured." Yes! I wish the author of the "Dynamiter" were here to make Drury Lane delightful in the autumn; more especially because then Drury Lane might be made delightful in the winter, too, by the author of the "Child's Garden of Verses."

Mr. Jones' new play at the Duke of York's Theatre requires much more space than is left to me; I will write about it next week. Meanwhile, let me reply to a long and interesting letter which you will find (or will have found) in another column. "H.H.," with delightful ingenuity, tries to show that the moral drawn by me from "Julius Cæsar"—the vanity of idealism in practical affairs—was never pointed by Shakespeare himself, for that his Brutus was not an idealist but a self-seeking humbug. For the real Brutus I hold no brief. He

may deserve all the unkind things said of him by Mommsen and "H.H." But I must defend, warmly, the Brutus of Shakespeare. Had the poet, like "H.H." and myself, read his Mommsen, his Brutus might have been a sorry figure. But the poet had not done this, and I cannot swallow the attempt to show that he made up in instinct for his lack in erudition. I cannot swallow the suggestion that Brutus was won over by the ignoble arguments of Cassius. There is nothing in Shakespeare's dialogue to support such a theory. Cassius, in a rough and ready way, uses the kind of arguments that would appeal to himself. He betrays his own character, not that of his friend. Brutus lets him talk himself out. "How I have thought of this and of these times," he says, "I shall recount hereafter," and hints an approval of Cassius' policy. He has already arrived independently, along his own lines, at the same conclusion as his friend. "But," "H.H." would argue, "his own lines were those of 'jealousy, envy, and ambition.'" He took a high moral attitude throughout the conspiracy because he was a hypocrite." Very well. Then how would the dramatist show him to be a hypocrite? Obviously, by making him reveal his true self in soliloquy. This is how Shakespeare makes Brutus soliloquise in the next act:

"It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general," &c. &c.

"Ah," the irrepressible "H.H." would say, "that is Shakespeare's subtlety. Brutus is such a hypocrite that even for himself he will not doff the mask of righteousness." But that kind of subtlety would defeat its own end. Shakespeare knew his business in drama, and must have known that, if he made a man profess both in public and in private the noblest motives, the audience would accept that man at his own valuation, unless, of course, his actions belied these motives, or unless some other person in the play showed him up. And Brutus does nothing to belie his professed motives, nothing inconsistent with the theory that he was a tyrannicide merely for Rome's sake. And nobody attempts to show him up. On the contrary, he is held up throughout as "the good boy of the class." Just before the fall of the curtain, his arch-enemy declares him to have been "the noblest Roman of them all," the one conspirator who acted not "in envy of great Cæsar," but "in a general honest thought," and all the rest of it. Shakespeare would not, I think, have written this speech at the very end of his play unless he had meant it to embody what he himself took to be the true judgment on Brutus. No, with all deference, I must continue to believe that Shakespeare believed in Brutus as an honest idealist. As for Antony, my description of him is scarcely combated by "H.H." He loved Cæsar, certainly, and was anxious to avenge him. But he was very careful that the avenging process should not compromise himself. He was prepared to face either way. Being a man of the world, knowing the temper of the people, he played off immediate self-interest against the idea of liberty. He knew how little ideas count in politics. And it is in his triumph that I still find the moral of the play. "H.H." finds the moral elsewhere. I do not object. A masterpiece can be seen rightly from any aspects. I have merely tried to justify my own aspect.

MAX.

#### CHEAP LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE Standard Life Assurance Company has just published a prospectus of life policies at low premiums, with participation in profits after the premiums paid, accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, amount to the sum assured. There is nothing new about the scheme, which was introduced, or at least popularised, by the Scottish Provident Institution many years ago.

This new departure on the part of the Standard is an indication of the demand that exists for life assurance at low premiums; but we do not think this particular policy is the best way of providing low-premium life



assurance. The plan of deferring bonuses is opposed to the real principles of life assurance, and although one great drawback to deferred bonuses is removed by the lowness of the premiums charged by the Scottish Provident, and now by the Standard, the objection still remains that those who die before bonuses accrue do not participate to the full extent in the benefits of mutual life assurance.

The old and the obvious way of arranging for low-premium life assurance is a non-participating policy. In calculating the premiums the Company has to provide against contingencies such as decreasing interest, or increasing expenditure, to a greater extent than experience proves to be actually necessary, and while it is right that this should be done, it prevents the policy-holder obtaining his assurance at its actual cost, as he does in the case of a participating policy, and consequently non-participating assurance is not so good for the policy-holder as a policy that shares in the profits.

It was long ago recognised that participating assurances were best, and it was proposed to get over the difficulty of the high premium by letting the policy-holder pay half the premium for the first five years, and allowing the other half to remain as a debt upon the policy, which could gradually be extinguished by bonuses. This plan did not altogether meet the needs of those who wanted the benefits of participating assurance, without the drawbacks of the high premiums they involved.

Accordingly a few years ago the "discounted bonus" system was introduced. On this plan the cash value of future bonuses is discounted, and allowed from the outset by way of reduction of premium. If the bonus that is actually declared is larger than the bonus discounted the difference is paid to the policy-holder; and if on the other hand the bonus declared is less than the bonus discounted the difference has to be paid by the policy-holder, either in cash, or by allowing it to remain as a debt on the policy. This is much the most satisfactory way of obtaining life assurance at a low premium. The policy-holder has the benefit of participating assurance, which practically means that he gets his assurance at its actual cost, while the premium is lower than that for non-participating assurance. The companies issuing discounted bonus policies include some of the best offices in the country, and in such offices it is improbable that the bonus discounted will prove to be greater than the bonus declared, and consequently the chance of the policy-holder having anything to pay in excess of the low premium is very small. As compared with the full premium for participating assurance the reduction on this plan amounts to some 20 to 25 per cent. of the premium. Although this system has now been in vogue for some years it is still comparatively little known to the assuring public, and attention may well be drawn to its advantages.

For people to whom even a discounted bonus premium is heavy a further modification of ordinary assurance may be recommended. Instead of providing an amount, say £1,000, to be paid in cash at death, it would frequently be sufficient to provide an income of £50 a year for twenty years, and many offices are now prepared to pay their policies by instalments in this way. Reckoning interest at 3 per cent. the payment of £50 a year for twenty years, after death, is equivalent to paying £766 at death, and consequently twenty instalments of £50 each can be obtained for a premium less by nearly 25 per cent. than the premium required to provide £1,000 in cash. The instalment method of paying the sum assured may be combined with the discounted bonus system for the payment of premiums, and the cost of such a policy is only about 60 per cent. of the cost of a participating policy at full premiums, providing for a cash payment. Naturally the benefits are considerably less in return for the smaller premium; there is never any substantial addition to expect to the sum assured by the addition of bonuses, and of course £50 a year for twenty years is worth much less than £1,000; but as a means of providing reliable insurance protection at a minimum cost this combination is, in our judgment, the best that exists.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BRUTUS AND MAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wharfedale, 26 September, 1900.

SIR,—I am accustomed to read the essays of your brilliant dramatic critic in the hurry and worry of London, when I fear the little sparkles that bubble on the surface of his words are apt to be taken for the stream of thought that carries them along. But his essay on the new production of "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's I have read in the quiet of the country, where even the pothole of a General Election does not shut out from consideration everything that is not the creature of the moment; where it is possible to consider and even to care whether Antony or Brutus was in the right. I must confess to something of a malicious pleasure at our reversed positions, as I read the groanings of Max over his return to London and the mummings. Of the second edition of Mr. Tree's "Julius Cæsar" I know nothing except from Max's essay, for if there is one un-failing pleasure the country can give, it is the chance of immunity from newspapers. And I can hardly help thinking that the disturbance of a return from life to work and plays, followed by the reaction of Cæsar from Grundy, has resulted in a critical upset, which is responsible for Mr. Beerbohm's amazing reading of this drama. I am the more astonished, since when I see a play whereof I have read Max's criticism, as invariably I have, I find in nine cases out of ten I agree with him for in nine cases out of ten he condemns.

I take no exception to his judgment that "Julius Cæsar" is a man's play, though I dare say that if few women are able spontaneously to get enjoyment from it, it is mainly due to our so long condemning them to small things.

But that Max should give "the vanity of idealism in practical affairs" as the mainspring of this drama! that he should speak of the "cheap man of the world" upsetting the "noble calculations of Marcus Brutus"! It is so difficult to get this view of Cæsar's tragedy from the play itself that I cannot but fear that it must have in Mr. Beerbohm's mind some background of supposed history. How comes it that Max, who at Oxford must with the rest of us have been brought up on Mommsen, should be a victim to the old delusion of the patriotism of Brutus and the tyranny of Cæsar? That delusion held the field for long, but sober history has at length dispelled, one would have thought finally dispelled it. The plain facts about Marcus Brutus and his "noble calculations" are that he joined in a conspiracy to assassinate one who had been his special benefactor and to whom he professed to be a friend; that he took part in a cowardly and brutal murder, where some twenty men fully armed set on one man practically unarmed and wholly unsuspecting; that by murdering Cæsar, Brutus made himself for a time the first man in Rome; that in murdering him he was avowedly trying to restore a régime that history has shown to be one of the most corrupt, one of the most hopelessly decadent in the whole story of the nations, a régime on which the Imperial administration, short as it fell, owing to his assassination, of Cæsar's own ideal, was an enormous improvement. That Brutus retained for so brief a time the authority he won by killing Cæsar only shows that his "noble calculations" were at any rate not good.

Turning to the play, I cannot, of course, say any more than any other man what Shakespeare meant, but what he said or wrote speaks for itself and is remarkably historic in its general trend. Cassius, with singular ease, persuades this man who loves Cæsar to murder him by appealing to jealousy, envy, and ambition. Cassius' arguments are none of them directed to showing that Cæsar was a bad statesman, was tyrannical in his conduct, was unscrupulous, or cruel; not a bit: all he advances, knowing well the man to whom he was talking, is that Cæsar is great while they are small; that Cæsar does not deserve to be great any more than they; that it is in their power to bring him down, and then they will be up. How aptly Cassius plays on

Brutus' irritation at the applauses "for some new honours heaped on Cæsar." "Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar," which is poetic for "you are as good a man as Cæsar any day; and yet you are small and he is great." Then the poisonous suggestion, how easy to put Cæsar out of the way! The poison works well. And Max calls these calculations "noble." Shakespeare makes them very ignoble.

In pursuance of his theory of the "vanity of idealism," Mr. Beerbohm has to let down Antony and the success of his appeal to the people as against Brutus. Marcus Antonius becomes "a cheap man of the world" who succeeds by a "cheap appeal to sentimentality and greed." Marcus Brutus is an idealist who calculates nobly but unfortunately. So! And is Max, a man of the world like Antony though certainly not "cheap," really taken in by the fustian heroics of Brutus? "As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him" (and killed him); as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it (and struck him down and became fortunate in his place); "as he was valiant, I honour him" (I honour valour, and join a band of assassins, who dare strike Cæsar only when he is suspecting nothing, and when they are twenty against one). Brutus' speech is pure hypocrisy. Brutus was a puritan, and so when actuated by the worst of motives he had to persuade himself that he was dealing righteously. That he did so persuade himself would not make him the less but more a hypocrite. Why his very protestations of noble aim and pure motive constantly iterated throughout the play, would create suspicion, even if his record of acts were far less black.

And Antony? His appeal may be cheap, but it is too obvious to be hypocritical. He appeals to two natural instincts, horror at crime, and gratitude to a benefactor. Can anyone say that in the case of Cæsar's murder both these appeals were not amply justified? Antony makes no claim to any exalted aims. As was Brutus, he was an advocate; as did Brutus, he wanted to succeed. That he should succeed was inevitable: so hypocritical and pretentious an harangue as that of Brutus could never carry persuasion for long. Antony, of course, held the better cards, but I am not engaged in defending Antony as an advocate against Brutus. Either was playing for his own hand; but go beneath the surface and Brutus' calculations are seen to be certainly farther removed from nobility than those of Antony. That Antony really loved Cæsar and was honest in his grief there is nothing in anything he says or does in the play to suggest any doubt. Again I fear that Mr. Beerbohm must be the victim of the old "historic" caricature that Marcus Antonius was nothing but a sot.

To me the unfolding itself (the *ἀνέσις*) of the play disproves the "vanity of idealism" theory and suggests the much commoner one, the Nemesis that attends on crime. Cæsar triumphs. "Cæsar thou art avenged" are Cassius' dying words. "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet," cries Brutus, when his defeat startles his conscience. Had Shakespeare meant the play to leave on the spectator's mind the painful sense of the triumph of wrong and the greatness of noble failure, this would be a strangely ill-written drama. The satisfaction of what used to be called "poetic justice" is the lasting impression of this play.

I am quite aware that most critics with Campbell describe Brutus as the hero of "Julius Cæsar," and the newspapers, of course, abound with eulogies of "the patriot" and his "noble calculation," but from Max one does not expect the views of the average man.

I am sorry to hear that the boy Lucius is represented by a girl. It is, I understand, the custom for the boy parts in pantomimes to be given to ladies (at least I never saw a Jack the Giant-killer, or him of the Beanstalk, or Dick Whittington, who looked at all like a boy) but "Julius Cæsar" whether a man or a woman's play is at any rate not a children's pantomime. I should like to know too how Lucius is clothed this time.

H. H.

P.S.—If this letter should appear belated, it is pleasant to be late, when you may be with impunity, and in the country there is no hurry. Moreover, if I

had written a week or two earlier, my letter might have been what the journalist describes as "topical," which I should object to.

## IRISH LANDLORDS AND UNIONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94 Piccadilly, 25 September, 1900.

SIR,—Your article on the above is almost enough to make one agree with the Nationalist dictum that it is hopeless for any class in Ireland to expect justice from England. I don't quite know what "the economics of M. Necker" were; but if his reforms meant beggary to the French nobility, one can understand that they were not liked by the latter. At the last elections, Irish landlords spared neither toil nor expense in the interests of Unionism; in return they have received occasional lectures and occasional sneers. To English writers it is a trifle, but to Irish landlords it is ruin to have another 20 or 30 per cent. struck off their incomes.

"Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung," seems to be the gist of your article. You state that "if all the recommendations of the Fry Commission were in force to-day they would not make a difference of one per cent. in the reductions of rent." This is a statement which is absolutely worthless, put forward as it is without a shadow of proof. It is an admitted fact that many rents have been reduced to their present amount because allowance was made for occupation interest. Mr. Gladstone declared, not once but many times, that no allowance was to be made for this interest, in fixing rent. The Fry Commission states such allowance to be illegal. A sub-commissioner said to me some time ago, "If the Fry Commission is right in this matter I have certainly reduced many rents much more than I would have done had I known that this was law." This is only one point. I would ask you, Sir, are you still of the same opinion as quoted above? My letter is already too long. I will only add that it is not in Ireland alone that discontent is to be found with the Government amongst Unionists. The "St. James's Gazette" of Friday last suggests that Mr. Gerald Balfour might be omitted from the next Government. "An Old Tory" in the "Times" suggests that we might dispense with *all* the members of the present Cabinet with the exception of the Colonial Secretary. In a letter you kindly published from me about three months ago, I quoted an indictment both of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour as regards their treatment of Irish landlords, from the pen of Mr. Gill. The last line of this was "*the wrongs they have wrought to buy off agrarian agitation.*" When you and other English writers can answer that indictment it will be time to compare Irish landlords with the French noblesse of the last century; but not till then.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DESCHADO."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Have you any real justification for taking the malcontents of South Dublin as representative of Irish landlords? You say that the majority in the local Unionist Association continues to support Mr. Plunkett. Is it not very probable that similarly most landlords in the three southern provinces disapprove of the attack? English critics generally forget (or rather have never stopped to consider) that South Dublin is really a suburban constituency. Mr. Ball is not appearing as a landlord candidate. The fortunes of Lord Ardilaun's family were not made from the land. The "Irish Times," which represents Irish Unionist feeling better than the "Daily Express," is on Mr. Plunkett's side.

It so happens that outside Ulster South Dublin is the only Unionist constituency. Most of the landlords live in districts where, ever since the rise of the Land League, they have been practically disfranchised. The natural temptation to the half-informed, who do not realise how political conditions in Ireland differ from those in England, is to assume that any Unionist returned to Parliament from Leinster or Munster naturally repre-



sents the views of the majority of Leinster or Munster Unionists. Surely you do not fall into this error. Would you take the voice of, let us say, Surrey to be the voice of the landed gentry of England?

I believe that if you look more closely into the matter you will find that most southern landlords realise the "political madness" of the split in South Dublin.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, M. C. S.

#### ABOUT YUNG LU.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ventnor, 24 September, 1900.

SIR,—As a good deal may depend at present on a fair estimate of the prominent officials in China, I venture to suggest a modification of your verdict on Yung Lu.

He may not be a desirable negotiator, but I doubt it being fair to characterise him as "a principal offender." Kang Yu-wei disliked him extremely, and Kang was the head and front of the Reform party who had gained the Emperor's ear before the coup d'état of September 1898. The immediate causes of that coup d'état were plural. Among them were a design by the Emperor and his foreign advisers to confine the Empress, and a decree ordering the execution of Yung Lu. Yung Lu was then at Tien-tsin. The execution of the decree was confided to Yuan Shih-kai, the present Governor of Shantung, who communicated to Yung Lu the orders he had received and—left him to prepare for his fate. Yung Lu (being the Empress Dowager's nephew) not unnaturally took the opportunity to take train to Peking and tell his aunt what was brewing. Being a lady of decided character and versed in coups d'état she forestalled things, largely by the help of Yung Lu, who held an important military command and was well liked. He is committed, therefore, in various ways to the Empress's side; but he has been regarded as an advocate generally of moderate views. Report credits him with having opposed the executions of Reformers and with having exerted his influence against the continued persecution which men like Kang Yi continually urged. It is reported that he lost influence for a time by knocking down the Empress's favourite eunuch in her presence, shortly before the present troubles broke out; and he is credited with having warned the Viceroys, on a given date, in June last, that they should disregard Imperial decrees as Prince Tuan had usurped power. That his troops took part in the attack on the Legations seems beyond doubt; and the remarkable narrative to which allusion was made in the SATURDAY'S leading columns, last week, affirms that they did so by direct orders from the Throne. Things had probably got hot in Peking by that time, and it is conceivable that Yung Lu may have had his own opinion as to the discretion of the order without feeling inclined to risk his head by disobeying it. What happened to Chinese members of Council who spoke out more boldly, we know. Both Yung Lu and Prince Ching are Manchus and had to swim, no doubt, with the Manchu tide; but unless we are prepared to decree the complete elimination of the Manchu element from the Government, those two appear, in the light of our imperfect information, two of the least objectionable of the crowd.—Yours truly,

R. S. GUNDRY.

#### THE SULTAN'S JUBILEE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 September, 1900.

SIR,—As the question of the responsibility of the Turkish Government for the Armenian massacres has been raised in your columns, you will perhaps allow me to state that, having frequently conversed on this subject with English, French and Italian Consuls in the East, I never heard the slightest doubt expressed on the matter.

Further than this, an English Consul who was in Armenia at the time of the massacres, assured me that he and the Consuls of other nations had informed beforehand their respective Governments that the massacres were decided on and would soon take place.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

#### REVIEWS.

##### SOUTH AFRICAN FAUNA.

"Fauna of South Africa. The Mammals: Vol. I." By W. L. Sclater. London: R. H. Porter. 1900. Two vols. £1 10s. net.

IN this well-planned and well-written volume Mr. Sclater has furnished a clear and excellent account of a large number of the mammals of South Africa, with the most recent information upon their habits and distribution. Much of the information concerning the primates, ungulates and lesser carnivora is difficult of access to the average reader, and the present volume should be a distinct aid to the naturalist and sportsman. With the completion of the second volume, promised shortly, a valuable, complete, and up-to-date handbook on South African mammals will be at the service of the public. Most of the illustrations are adequate. An excellent bibliography of works dealing with South African animals from 1686 downwards is given; these books have manifestly been closely studied by the author. This is the second volume of a series on South African fauna, the first volume dealing with birds. As Director of the Cape Town Museum Mr. W. L. Sclater is manifestly well equipped for the task of general editor.

For more than a hundred years past the wild life of South Africa has been the wonder and the delight of succeeding generations of sportsmen, collectors, and naturalists. Sparrman, Thunberg, Paterson and Le Vaillant, towards the close of the last century, began to call attention to the extraordinary wealth of animal life with which the Cape settlements teemed; Barrow, Lichtenstein, Burchell and Andrew Smith added yet more to the information concerning the then little known lands towards the Orange and their marvellous fauna; and presently it became the fashion for British sportsmen of the more adventurous type to exploit these marvellous regions and to return home with extraordinary trophies and yet more extraordinary accounts of the great game of Southern Africa. It is clear that these early hunters had ample reason for their enthusiasm. The country in which an unexampled fauna had for thousands of years made their home was as a rule singularly healthy, the terrain lay for the most part from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level, and upon the high and bracing plains the adventurer enjoyed to its fullest extent the pure physical delight of a free and absolutely untrammelled existence.

The English hunters, although at times they were in their eagerness for sport somewhat too wasteful in their methods, were, after all, but few in numbers; it is not to them that the melancholy decadence of animal life in South Africa is due. To them certainly is not to be attributed the disappearance of the blaauwbok and the true quagga, the almost complete extinction of the black wildebeest, the white rhinoceros, and the bonfebok, and the serious depletion of the once innumerable legions of elands, blesbok, hartebeest and many other kinds of game. The South African Dutch must of course always remain chiefly responsible for the most wasteful and it may be said wanton destruction of wild animal life which, not even excepting the case of the bison of North America, the world has ever seen. The Boers have of course been assisted in their career of destruction by many willing hands. The Griqua bastards, a race, half Hottentot half Boer, who inhabited the country between the Orange and the present site of Kimberley, have always proved themselves singularly keen hunters and good shots. From the first quarter of the present century these people have been foremost, even among the earlier pioneers, in penetrating the interior and destroying the game—especially elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes and hippopotami—recklessly and with excessive waste. Traders entered the country upon the heels of the missionary and the pioneer—often they were themselves the first traversers of virgin veldt—and guns became plentiful among the natives. The average Bantu sportsman, although he is not by instinct like the Griqua and the Hottentot, a fairly good shot, has patience, abundance of time, and the infinite resource born of a thousand years of savage hunting. He creeps about the veldt, waits until

he gets a certain chance, and then brings down his game. Thus, thanks to the reckless manner in which firearms have been allowed to be imported into Africa, it is to the native gunner that in South Central and Central Africa much of the never-ending waste of animal life is at the present day to be attributed. The Boers have had their innings. A few score of professional hunters still ply their careers beyond the Limpopo, but, since the seventies and eighties the average Dutch Afrikaner has ceased—from the very fact that the business was not worth powder and lead—to pursue antelopes and elephants for their hides and ivory. The principal destroyer of animal life in the far interior of Africa is, it is to be repeated, at the present time the native gunner, before whose weapon, carried persistently and patiently, day after day, the game continues to vanish like snow before the sunshine.

But, in spite of the frightful waste of feral life which has taken place in South Africa during the last seventy-five years, we are reminded by the appearance of Mr. Sclater's present volume that the game to be found between the Cape and the Zambesi are still pretty numerous. Mr. Sclater has chosen as his northern limits the Cunene River and the Zambesi; south of these boundaries, it is to be seen, from a perusal of "Mammals of South Africa," that the catalogue of animals yet remaining is by no means a despicable one. Even in Cape Colony, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, fair numbers of antelope and plenty of leopards and the lesser carnivora are yet to be found. It was said by uninformed people, before the outbreak of the South African War, that the Boer from lack of practice had lost his shooting and was no longer the formidable marksman of 1881. Those who were familiar with the Dutch Afrikaner and his habits knew very differently. The average back-country Boer has still enough game upon his 6,000-acre farm, in the shape of springbok, or blesbok, klipspringer, rhebok, duyker and steenbok, to afford him plenty of practice. The young Dutch lad still goes out with a cartridge or two as did his forefathers and brings in his head of buck when required. And the long and grievous list of our killed and wounded during the present campaign, especially among officers, shows that with the rifle much of the cunning and skill of his ancestors yet remains to the Dutch Afrikaner of 1900. The springbok alone, that marvellously fecund antelope, although very large numbers are destroyed each year in various parts of South Africa, still survives in hundreds of thousands to afford the finest rifle practice in the world. In Cape Colony, south of the Orange River, for instance, in the arid deserts of the old Bushmanland country, within the present colonial divisions of Little Namaqualand, Calvinia, Prieska, and Carnarvon, these fleet and fertile antelopes are found in astonishing numbers and are shot annually by the rude frontier Boers of those regions to the tune of thousands of head.

Mr. Sclater furnishes some of the most recent information concerning these animals south of the Orange River. The great trek-bokken, a periodical migration, formerly to be observed over the whole of the central Karroo country, is still to be witnessed in this portion of Cape Colony. In 1896, for instance, on the borders of the Prieska and Hope Town divisions the trekking springboks completely covered an immense extent of country, their numbers being estimated "at the very lowest computation" at 500,000 head! "During the trek an enormous destruction takes place; all the neighbouring farmers and their people turn out and kill thousands, the skins are cured and the flesh made into 'biltong,' or sun-dried and cured meat, for future consumption. In addition to their human foes the herds are followed by various wild carnivores, leopards, hunting-dogs, hyenas and jackals, and even strange antelopes are carried along with the flood; Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, on the occasion above alluded to, heard of the appearance in the neighbourhood of three hartebeests and a koodoo, animals which have been unknown in these parts for many years." It will be evident from this account of trekking springboks in 1896 that the back-country Boers even of Cape Colony still find plenty of occupation for their rifles, although the game they shoot is neither so important nor so valuable as of yore.

The fact is that travellers to Kimberley and Johannesburg, hurrying north by train and seeing little wild life in the Karroo and grass veldt along the line of rail, bring back the report that the game of South Africa has disappeared. This is by no means the case. Much of the once teeming feral life has been sadly reduced, some few species exterminated altogether; but a considerable number of animals yet linger; these, if decently preserved, will suffice the fair and intelligent sportsman for generations yet to come. In Cape Colony, south of the Orange River, for example, are to be found at the present moment elephant, mountain zebra, buffalo, ostrich, leopard, cheetah, hunting-dog, hyæna, jackal, koodoo, gemsbok, hartebeest, reedbuck, vaal and rooi rhebok, springbok, klipspringer, bushbuck, duyker, steenbok, grysbok, oribi, and bluebuck. Of these elephant, zebra and buffalo are scarce, gemsbok and hartebeest only to be found in the deserts towards the Orange River and koodoo in a few localities of the eastern and midland provinces. Most of the remaining antelopes are fairly plentiful. Leopards it may be noted are quite common from within a score or so miles of Cape Town all over Cape Colony—too common, indeed, for farmers, among whose flocks and herds they commit much havoc. The lion has, as Mr. Sclater points out, vanished from Africa south of the Orange River for many years past. Its southern range, however, still remains not far from that river and the author seems to be unaware that so lately as 1893, in the neighbourhood of Upington, a lion was killed and its companion, a lioness, wounded on the northern shore of the Orange. These lions had followed and attacked some oxen while drinking at the river. This, as far as the present writer is aware, is quite the most southerly occurrence of the lion for many years past. The Orange River is, however, a wild and very little known region and it is more than possible that to this hour a few lions still find safe harbourage along its northern banks. It is interesting to find from Mr. Sclater that one of these fierce felidæ was killed at Springs, near Johannesburg, so recently as 1897, while another was reported near Heidelberg, south of Johannesburg, in 1898. The lion is, however, now seldom heard of in the Transvaal except in the wilder and less settled country to the north-west and north-east. Mr. Sclater records the true or mountain zebra in Damaraland. It may interest him to know that Mr. G. W. Penrice, an English hunter, has recently established its occurrence in the province of Mossamedes, Portuguese West Africa. In this locality, curiously enough, the mountain zebra appears to frequent open plains with some persistency.

#### OLDEST BOOKS.

"Oldest Books in the World." By Isaac Myer. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 30s. net.

MR. MYER has been a diligent student, if not of the original Egyptian texts, at all events of the translations of them given by Egyptian scholars. And it is these texts, in so far as they relate to ancient Egyptian religion, that he means by the "Oldest Books in the World." In a large and handsome volume he has published the best and most recent translations of them, with elaborate introductions and learned notes. Nor has he contented himself with publishing one translation only where different scholars have worked at the same text. The various translations have been compared together, and where they differ the several renderings have been set side by side. The reader may thus feel assured that he has before him all that the best Egyptian scholarship of the day can do towards throwing light on the meaning of the religious and ethical records of ancient Egypt. We cannot, however, accept Mr. Myer's narrow definition of the term "book." He confines it to whatever is written "with the brush or reed, or some other kind of pen." He would thus exclude the whole of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian literature from the right to be regarded as consisting of books. How, moreover, would he deal with a law-book, one copy of which is engraved on stone, while another is written with a pen? Is it to be called a book in the one case and not in the other? As a matter of fact, it is not the accident of



being written in a particular way that constitutes a book, but its literary character and contents. Perhaps Mr. Myer may have been uneasily conscious of this himself, since he has omitted the definite article in the title of his own volume.

Putting aside this preliminary question we have nothing but praise for his book. It is useful and well arranged. The general public will find in it all they want to know about the religious literature of ancient Egypt along with frequent references to noteworthy authorities, and even the Egyptologist will be glad of a work in which the divergent opinions and renderings of his colleagues are methodically tabulated. The old texts are treated in chronological order. Mr. Myer begins with the Book of Kagenna, which was composed in the time of the Third Dynasty, and which has been partially preserved in the Papyrus Prisse (written in the time of the Twelfth Dynasty) which is now in the Louvre. The book contains a number of rules for good manners, like the books of "Etiquette" in the present day: "If thou sittest at meat with common people," says Kagenna, "appear to desire not the food that thou lovest." "If thou art drinking with a wine-bibber take what he offers for it will please his heart." The larger part of the Papyrus, however, is occupied with the Proverbs of Ptah-hotep who dedicated his book to King Assa of the Fifth Dynasty. It is a treatise somewhat in the style of the Book of Proverbs, and was written when Ptah-hotep was an old man who had had a long experience of life. The proverbs display a healthy spirit of common-sense and worldly prudence; honesty is inculcated as being the better policy, and obedience to authority is made the first of virtues. "Bend thy back," we are told, "before thy superior." . . . "Teach the people to render homage to a great man." On the other hand, if a man has risen from a low to a high estate he must not be haughty and supercilious: "Thou art become only the overseer of the blessings of God. Put not behind thee the neighbour who is thy fellow-creature; be to him as a companion." Above all, bad temper should be avoided, temperance should be cultivated, and the wife tenderly treated. But Ptah-hotep already laments the "good old times;" things were not what they had been, and, if M. Virey's translation is right, the system of competitive examination had already been introduced. The Proverbs of Ptah-hotep are followed by the Papyrus of Ani which transports us to the Egypt of the New Empire. Like the Proverbs it is ethical rather than religious, but it is the ethics of a society which has long since outgrown its youth and has come to realise that there is an intimate relation between religion and morality. His keynote is to be found in the maxim which is translated by Chabas: "Give thyself to God; keep thyself continually for God, and let to-morrow be like to-day! Let thy eye consider the acts of God; it is He who smites him who is smitten." The naïve utilitarianism of an earlier age has made way for a morality which is based on the duty man owes to the gods, of whom it is said: "The god of this land is in the light above the firmament, and his emblems (or forms) are upon the earth; it is to them that worship is rendered daily." Egyptian thought has become steeped in that semi-religious atmosphere with which we are generally accustomed to associate it.

After the Papyrus of Ani Mr. Myer gives us the Leyden Papyrus, and then the cxxv chapter of the Book of the Dead—the burial service of the Egyptians—which contains the so-called Negative Confession. It is in this Negative Confession that the pre-Christian religion of Egypt reaches its highest level. The Paradise of Osiris was to be attained only by those who could prove before the dread judges of the dead that they had lived righteously in this present world in thought, word and deed. "I have not done wrong to men," the dead man was called upon to declare, "I have not uttered lies; I have never made the workman exceed his allotted task; I have not caused hunger or weeping; I have not killed; I have not committed adultery; I have not stolen in secret; I have not diminished the weight of the balance; I have not been an informer; I have not seized another's land; I have not been a man of anger; I have not cursed or stirred up strife; I have not caused a slave to be ill treated by his master."

The negative confession in its various forms is followed by an interesting chapter on the weighing of the soul in the balance of truth before the judgment-seat of Osiris, which is illustrated by a number of representations of it from the papyri and monuments. This weighing of the heart, which the Egyptians believed to be the seat of conscience, eventually made its way from Egypt to mediæval Europe, and, as is well known, appears in several judgment scenes depicted on the walls of churches. It is one of the points in which the religious art of Christianity can be traced back to that of ancient Egypt. Mr. Myer believes that a good deal of Christian dogma and ritual can also be traced back to the same source, and in his Introduction he even suggests that Christ may have studied in Egypt and there learned many of the Egyptian doctrines during the period of His life which intervened between His twelfth and thirtieth years. But he wisely keeps all such speculations in the background, and though we may suspect that his book has been written with the primary object of illustrating them, they are never obtruded upon the reader. The Egyptologists are allowed to tell their own tale, and the facts they have to tell us are accurately recorded. But it is a pity that Mr. Myer should write such abominable English, and that his printer should have made it worse by an eccentric system of punctuation.

#### THE STORY OF PARIS.

"Paris." By Hilaire Belloc. London: Arnold. 1900. 7s. 6d.

ONCE again has the brilliant biographer of Danton found a congenial subject. Yet hardly can Mr. Belloc's study of Paris have satisfied his own ideal. Too long for a guide book, it is too short for a history. This is the story of Paris and it stops short of the Revolution! Still Mr. Belloc has so done his task that we trust many of our countrymen may be induced to follow under his guidance the story of the city which is and has been throughout our history at once the meeting-place of North and South, as Vienna is of East and West. The "intelligent foreigner," too, who has not the time to linger over his records for himself, will perhaps find here a key to the mystery why Paris has so often embodied France as has no capital city for other lands. She has worked out her own career with a force and unity of purpose through many centuries which have given her the characteristics of a city state almost more than those of a national centre and yet throughout she draws to herself the energies and intellect of the nation which is gradually widening and consolidating around her. At times her party quarrels show the blind unreason and personal bitterness of the family feuds of Florence but her strongest impulses remain national and transform and fuse the separatist instincts of a score of provinces. And more than this, in spite of a thousand follies, vices and blunders, Paris has been, and still remains (as the author points out), the "typical city of Western civilisation."

Mr. Belloc is very strongly under the influence of Michelet and we think has caught from his master the trick of generalising which adds so dangerous a charm to French historical work. But the readers of this volume will not ask for the detailed results of research which from its nature it could not supply. He has chosen, and reasonably, to found his story of Paris on her architectural development and truly enough he says that Paris was not made by commerce, but he has not adequately rendered the immense influence on her story of the commercial growth of the city, of the struggles between the *échevins* and the *prévôt des marchands*. He devotes a few pages to Étienne Marcel but the burgher politicians throughout her history played a larger part in Paris than might be gathered from these pages up to the time when the murder of Jacques de Flesselles in 1789 gave the Revolution the opportunity to establish the "Mairie" of modern times, the centre of that dangerously charged entity, the Commune.

The architectural basis of his theme Mr. Belloc has maintained with consistency throughout and though it has debarred him from following up many points of

great importance, it has enabled him to give his book a certain symmetry which it might otherwise have lacked. After all Notre Dame is the key to the mystery of Paris as Victor Hugo perceived. No writer can hope to match his picture of the Paris of the fifteenth century as seen from her towers. Standing before her western porch we stand in the centre of Julian's capital of Gaul as we stand in the centre of the Paris of the Revolution. From that kernel has grown outward the town as it was known to Carolingian, Capetian, Bourbon, Valois and Bonapartes. Within her walls three Popes in ages widely separated have conducted high functions. No church, not even St. Peter's, has such significance in the story of Western Europe, and Westminster is far more the central shrine of the English nation than of its capital city. The story of Notre Dame is not only in a very special sense the story of Paris but it also touches on a hundred sides the whole course of European history.

We could have wished that limitations of space had not deprived the author of the opportunity of drawing a more detailed picture of the mediæval university and its influence on the life of the city and of following up the story of that institution. As it is, he is occupied with the history of its buildings, its colleges and their vicissitudes. Still he appreciates in its full significance the presence in the midst of the capital of the leading university of France and, at one time, of Europe, the university where Sigier (not "Suger" as misprinted) "silogized unwelcome truths" and drew Dante to hear him from across the Alps.

Mr. Belloc has occasionally allowed the impulse to pen an effective passage to run away with him. The "inviolable mystery" of the Man in the Iron Mask no longer exists. As we demonstrated some months ago, that individual's personality is well known. He was one Mattioli, a rascally diplomatist of Mantua, and the tale of the skeletons found chained in the Bastille is more than doubtful. But our most serious criticism of the book must be that the author has given a disproportionate amount of space to the Middle Ages. We do not say that he has told us too much of mediæval Paris, but he has certainly curtailed unduly his sketch of the Renaissance period. The Paris of Francis I. and Catherine de' Medici, whose streets were trodden by Cellini, in whose midst the Guises and the Valois wove their plots is surely not the Paris the reader would have him treat thus scantily. But clearly he is out of sympathy with the period. May we suggest that a second volume should be devoted to the last four centuries of this entrancing story?

#### THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

"Thirteen Stories." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is not altogether a good story-teller: indeed, he is not exactly a story-teller at all. He has a remarkable power of calling up an atmosphere, as if by a kind of careless enchantment. Riding in Brazil, he sees "air plants upon the trees; oven-birds' earthen, gourd-like nests hanging from boughs; great wasp nests in the hollows of the trunks; scarlet and rose-pink flamingoes fishing in the shallow pools; nutrias floating down the streams, their round and human-looking heads appearing just awash; and the dark silent channels of the stagnant back waters, so thickly grown with water weeds that by throwing a few branches on the top a man may cross his horse." Walking on the rampart gardens in Cadiz, he suddenly sees the River Plate. "The gauchos, plains, wild horses, the stony wastes, the ostriches (the 'Alegria del Desierto') came up before me, and in especial a certain sandy pass over a little river called the Gualiyan; the sandy dip, the metallic-looking trees, the greenish river with the flamingoes and white herons and the black-headed swans; the vultures sitting motionless on the dead trees, and most of all the penetrating scent of the mimosa, known to the natives as the 'espinillo de olor.'" So carelessly, so visibly, does he call up the atmosphere of places that he has known, always odd, out-of-the-way places, in South America,

in Africa, pampas, deserts, great woods, rivers, the sea-coast, the sea. Rambling on, in a winding narrative which is more like something spoken than something written, a narrative full of gesture, interrupting itself, going on again, now drowsy, now violent, he tells us of all the strange people whom he has come across for an hour, a day, a week, in these strange places, because "in the phantasmagoria we call the world, most things and men are ghosts, or at the best but ghosts of ghosts, so vaporous and unsubstantial that they scarcely cast a shadow on the grass. That which is most abiding with us is the recollection of the past," and it is these recollections of the past which he tells over for our entertainment, with an almost coquettish disdain of our attention. The charm of the book is that it is the writing, not of a literary man, but of an adventurer, to whom the world is more interesting than books, who indeed knows books well, but the world better. It is full of sympathy with life, where life is reduced to its perhaps simplest and certainly wildest elements. A dreamer with a passion for action, one whose dreams are action, yet whose actions are certainly for the most part dreams, Mr. Cunninghame Graham brings a touch of the Elizabethan spirit into contemporary life, urgent, impractical, haughty, at war with the world, yet loving the world for its own sake. He has all the sympathy of what is really indifference, as he goes on his way interested by everyone, stopping for no one, a wanderer with so many purposes as to be without a purpose, Don Quixote with something of the humorous soul of Sancho Panza. Such a book as this gives one a kind of animal pleasure, the pleasure of sea-wind blowing through one's hair or rain falling under sunlight. If one has ever travelled, suffering the delights of hardship, if Spain and Spanish things have any fascination for one, if one cares for the sea, for horses, for palm-trees, orange-groves, and the sun, then these "Thirteen Stories" will bring back many recollections. For they stir memory precisely as the memory of the old Spaniard in Brazil is stirred in one of their pages. "The country pleased him, and though he had an orange garden of some three acres in extent, though palms, mameyes and bananas grew around his door, he mourned for chestnuts, which he remembered in his youth, and said he recollected eating them whilst in Navarre, and that they were better than all the fruit in Brazil; thinking, like Naaman, that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, were better than all the waters of Israel; or perhaps moved in some mysterious way by the remembrance of the chestnut forests, the old, grey stone-roofed houses, and the wind whistling through the pine woods of some wild valley of Navarre." Some indeed, and among the best, "The Gold Fish," "Sidi bu Zibbala," for example, give us a glimpse into primitive natures which few of us can ever have come so close to before. Of such natures Mr. Cunninghame Graham is the interpreter, seeming to have found his own way into their secrets by some stealthy side-entrance, of which he alone has the key.

#### THE VOICE OF OUIDA.

"Critical Studies." By Ouida. London: Unwin. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THIS book, called "Critical Studies," is not in any sense critical; it is the voice of Ouida crying in the wilderness. Do not expect in it any of the qualities of the essayist who is really an essayist: his urbanity, his logic, his gentle persuasiveness, his elasticity of conviction, his mental aloofness. Do not expect careful writing, nor be surprised at such a sentence as this: "Nowhere are the portraiture and analysis of man so ably depicted as in a fine novel." Expect passion, contradiction, many fine furies, much injustice, some ignorance and more prejudice; but expect, for you will find, along with this, love of humanity, love of animals, love of beauty, in nature and in art. Ouida is a woman, and, in her way, a woman of letters; she has part of the temperament of the artist, with an impatience too indiscriminate to be really artistic, an uncultured, human impatience which is often mere pettishness. She loves beauty, but she loves it as a savage might



love it; she loves humanity, but she cannot stop to understand it. She has her own way of looking at the world, a warm, generous way of feeling what is noble and picturesque in it; but she has never understood that wise little cold word of the observer, that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Her novels, which were once thought not quite proper, are really absurdly moral: virtue is always so very white in them, and vice so very black. She has never drawn a quite recognisable human being, because she has never been able to take an impartial view of any action, any emotion, or any temperament. She "spoils" her nice people, as a too affectionate mother spoils her children, by never seeing what would be good for them, only what they would like. Ah, how lavishly she heaps all the spoils of the world on those nice people; or (it is for the same reason) all the agonies of martyrdom! To be at once Hercules and Adonis, a millionaire and a genius, adorable and adored: to her there is nothing improbable in all that. It ought to be so: therefore it is. And the wicked people have no less genius and no less opportunities for being magnificently wicked. This is idealism, and if idealism is a danger in a novel, it is a delightful quality in a book which is a cry and not an analysis. Writing about d'Annunzio, Mr. Marion Crawford, the brothers Rosny, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Ouida shows herself a very bad critic, but she says, incidentally, things which are well worth saying, things which other people are too cool and too balanced and too indifferent to say. And when she comes to write of "The Ugliness of Modern Life," "The Quality of Mercy," and the destruction of Venice, she tells the truth in almost every sentence, truth which is needed, bitter truth which will probably do no good, because it is so true in its indictment of the nineteenth century.

Ouida's tendency towards exaggeration is so strong, that she would exaggerate anything in which exaggeration was possible; but there are facts which cannot be exaggerated. It is part of our social system to deny whatever makes us uneasy; we deny, but we know that we are denying the truth. Here and there someone is courageous enough to say: "I know that I am denying the truth, because, I think the truth ought not to be told." But for the most part we prevaricate. There is then no exaggeration in the charges of cruelty, dull materialism, indifference to beauty, indifference to human life, neglect of whatever makes life worth living, which Ouida hurls against the fixed self-satisfaction of the average Englishman and the average Italian. Every one of these people knows that war is a survival of barbarism, that cruelty to an animal is morally worse than cruelty to a human being, because it is a deeper sin against honour, that the destruction of a beautiful thing for the sake of private advantage is a theft from all humankind; but what influence has this knowledge upon action? None. The world may not be any worse than it has usually been, but there is no doubt that it is getting more vulgar. Now vulgarity is more harmful than vice, if only because vice may be cured, but not vulgarity. Vulgarity is the state of being dead, and a vulgar person is simply a living body with a dead soul. In Italy, materialism is not less active because it has only a nation, and not an empire, to ravage. Venice is disappearing, Rome is becoming more and more like Birmingham, the Italian lakes are being used to feed factories. The modern Italian is almost more destitute of the sense of beauty than the modern Englishman: if he is a nobleman he sells his pictures by stealth; if he is a senator he advocates the damming up of the Calli in Venice; if he is a private citizen he votes for every speculation which will make a little money out of the destruction of a little beauty. "The chief creation of modern life," says Ouida, "is the Cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture, and it may safely be said that the poorest slave in Hellas, the meanest fellah in Egypt, the humblest pariah in Asia was a gentleman beside him. The cad is the entire epitome, the complete blossom and fruit in one, of what we are told is an age of culture." It is against this dominion of the cad that Ouida's voice is heard crying in the wilderness; a somewhat shrill voice, telling necessary and unpleasant truths.

## NOVELS.

"The New Order." By Oswald Crawford. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 6s.

It is always hazardous for a novelist to explain in his preface the theory of his art. If the individual novel does not please, the theory will be condemned by the crowd. Mr. Crawford thinks that the romance has been perverted by the drama, just as, according to our young lions of art criticism, painting has been corrupted by literature. He will have none of your five-act melodramas with incidental music: he harks back to what he styles the "processional" novel, the gradual development in his passage through life of the central figure. But, since we live in an unromantic age, instead of a Hero he would trace the procession of an Idea: for his Gil Blas or Tom Jones he takes the Doctrine of Protection. Protection is certainly more respectable than Tom Jones, and, we agree, more practical than Don Quixote. But you cannot have Protection without Protectionists, and—we live in an unromantic age. Wherefore melodrama invidiously raises its horrid head in these very pages. But the story is quite out of the beaten track: like its characters, it is literally eccentric. Curiously enough, the net result of all these theories is the production of a book closely, though perhaps unwittingly, modelled on the novels of Thomas Love Peacock. But Peacock remains unapproachably supreme.

"Brothers of the Chain." By George Griffith. London: F. V. White. 1900. 6s.

Around the rather cleverly conceived idea of an international society of ex-convicts working secretly and directed by "an enemy of society" whose wealth is vast and whose identity is veiled the author of "Briton and Boer" has woven a story of the most sensational type. The Brotherhood owns a marvellous armed yacht which is used to aid the escape of criminals from New Caledonia and to plunder and sink liners on the high seas. Life is usually held cheap in this class of novel. But Mr. Griffith out-Herods the Herods of his kind in reckless effusion of blood. Thousands of lives are sacrificed in the attempt to plant an escaped forger and assassin in the shoes of his blameless twin brother, a French marquis who has expectations of an English title. It may not be fair to expect the compiler of "shockers" to keep within the bounds of the probable; but Mr. Griffith makes far more than ordinary demands upon our credulity.

"The Flower of the Flock." By W. E. Norris. London: Nisbet. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Norris has a great gift of characterisation, but he does not select interesting characters. He gives us the impression of being bored with them and their doings almost from the outset, and he must not be surprised if his readers are sometimes inclined to join in his yawn. His "flower of the flock" is a good-looking, mean, well-meaning egotist, whom all his friends and relations conspire to spoil. The heroine is a very unsympathetic, lifelike American widow who snubs the flower of the flock mercilessly, often vulgarly, throughout the book and crowns her contempt by consenting to marry him in the end. The worthy minor characters are less real and Mr. Norris is at no pains to conceal his contempt for them. This book will certainly not enlarge his circle of readers, but may satisfy those who appreciate his calm, unemotional narratives.

"The World's Slow Stain." By Harold Vallings. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 6s.

This is an unnecessary novel, which reads like a resurrection pie of half the fiction of the last thirty years. We find the parvenu squire, the female Pharisee, the scapegrace who becomes a baronet, the frail lock-keeper's daughter, the jealous young keeper with murderous propensities, et hoc genus omne. From time to time one puppet saves another puppet from drowning and the scapegrace baronet plays Helot as a gambler and drunkard. For the amusement of the gallery a colourless major walks across the stage and says "Wha-a-a?" because he is too lazy to finish his

sentences. The pity of it all is that the author is terribly well-meaning, yet never succeeds in arousing a particle of interest in his (or more probably her) mechanical work.

"The Strong Arm." By Robert Barr. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

In this volume of short stories Mr. Barr continues to work to some profit the vein opened in "Countess Tekla." While he hardly succeeds in recreating the atmosphere in which robber barons of the Rhine moved, he has certainly the knack of putting adventurous guests agreeably on paper. The story called "The Strong Arm" is dramatic, and there is a grim humour in some of the others. Thus while the volume is not one of distinction, it is such a book as a writer with some reputation may justifiably publish by way of parergon. And parerga of this kind are excellently adapted for holiday reading.

"The Minister's Guest." By Isabella Smith. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

This novel bears evidence of much painstaking in its composition, but the result leaves on the reader a sense of oppression. There are, with one exception perhaps, no characters of interest in the book, although the author must have set to work with the purpose of producing a character novel for there is little or no incident. The pretty bits in the book (of which there are but few) relate to a kind and cheery blind lady, but she has no part to play in the story.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"J. M. Barrie and his Books: Biographical and Critical Studies." By J. A. Hammerton. London: Marshall. 1900. 5s.

Year by year the penalties of celebrity increase, and the biographer whether fulsome or candid is more and more to be dreaded. Till a little while ago he was only a posthumous terror, perhaps an early instalment of purgatory, but, so far as this world knew and saw, afflicting only the survivors. Nowadays he pursues his ravages upon the living, and no conspicuous person can count upon ten years of immunity. Mr. J. M. Barrie, to do him scant justice, is one of the least obtrusive among literary personages, yet this trait is no protection and a gentleman who has, so far as we can gather, not even a common acquaintance with him sets to work to gratify public curiosity. Mr. Hammerton explains his qualifications by stating that he is a "brither Scot" and has edited a paper in Nottingham where Mr. Barrie began his journalistic career. That the book needs an apology he is aware, but only because captious critics may hold that "it implies the elevation of its subject to the rank of a classic." Mr. Hammerton may be easy; nobody will accuse him of conferring a rank upon Mr. Barrie. The serious question is whether he may not injure a really admirable author in the esteem of the judicious; and the apology which he alleges, namely, that the public has an appetite for "literary" gossip about living authors is entirely irrelevant. In our opinion such a book as he has written could only be justified by the statement that it was published with Mr. Barrie's entire approval; and we are extremely glad that this justification is not forthcoming. There is however nothing positively offensive in the work except the insertion of one story, for the truth of which Mr. Hammerton wisely does not vouch, but gives it as "an index to character." Such a protest against the vanities of aristocratic dinner parties would prove not "courage and strength of will" but simple boorishness. What the book contains is a mass of the most commonplace criticism and a stringing together of fragments, some autobiographical some not, from Mr. Barrie's published writings. It contains also the incidental remark that "a dislike to being fussed about" is "essentially a Scots characteristic." If Mr. Barrie shares this characteristic—as we can well believe—he deserves our most sincere condolence.

"The Third Salisbury Administration, 1895-1900." By H. Whates. London: Vacher. 15s. net.

"On the death of a distinguished man it is customary," says Mr. Whates, "to write the story of his life. Why should not a like narrative be produced on the passing of a ministry, the dissolution of a parliament?" Mr. Whates must have had a prevision long since of the General Election. His book apart from appendices contains some 430 big pages, covering the doings of the Government in foreign policy, in colonial administration, in domestic legislation. Such a work cannot have been com-

plied at a moment's notice. Yet this ample record sees the light within a week of the signing of the proclamation dissolving Parliament. In style it is a retrospect pretty much on the lines of the survey which the newspapers publish at the end of each session and each year. Some of Mr. Whates' views must perhaps be accepted with caution, but there can be no doubt that for all who are taking part in the present struggle and will consequently desire repeatedly to refresh their memories concerning the Government's work in South-East Europe, in China, in Africa, and at Westminster the volume will be of service. It has two drawbacks as a work of reference. It is bulky and will not be carried about very easily, and it has no index. The chapter headings however are so full that the want of an index will not be as seriously felt as it otherwise might.

"Ancient and Modern Ships. Part I.—Wooden Sailing Ships." By G. C. V. Holmes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1900. 4s.

A complete history of shipping, especially war vessels, tracing their evolution from the craft of the Cinque Ports to the birth of ironclads, would be most interesting and instructive. Unfortunately the records of early shipping are very meagre, and this prevails up to the time of the Tudors. Even as regards such an historic craft as the "Great Harry" confusion exists, and she is usually mixed up with another vessel the "Henri Grace à Dieu." Under the latter name more than one ship was built, each larger than its predecessor, until we come to that more familiarly known as the "Great Harry" of Henry VIII.'s reign. In this volume which could not be otherwise than a brief sketch of a vast subject Mr. Holmes has made good use of the scanty materials at his command as regards the progress of shipping up to the end of the sixteenth century. We should have wished, however, that the development of our better known wooden walls beginning with the Dutch wars and ending with Trafalgar had received fuller treatment. As much if not more interest is attached to the equipment as to the construction of war vessels. In this volume we get little information on the subject and hence as a manual of ancient and modern ships it is deficient.

"L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme." Par Victor Bérard. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1900. 4f.

The author has composed an indictment against the England of to-day which embodies all the violence and virulence of the French journalist with a considerable leaven of information regarding the defects in our commercial system drawn from the perusal of many Blue Books. Mr. Chamberlain is the villain of the drama which our author would call "The Down-fall of England." Birmingham is the seat of his power and the centre of opposition to this malign influence is Manchester, where M. Bérard would persuade himself that the old Radicalism still reigns supreme. In his opinion Imperialism is an adventure of force and fraud into which Mr. Chamberlain is launching his country in order to recover the lost prosperity of Birmingham. His grip on actualities may be gauged by the fact that he imagines the masters of industry in that city stroll down to their offices late in the morning, pass the afternoon in playing billiards, and try to grow wickedly rich on shares in bubble companies. We have very much to learn from Germany but M. Bérard is too anxious to prove that England's supremacy, like that of France, has vanished to make him a fair judge. His eagerness to salute the rising glories of Germany is a little strange even in a French Anglophobe.

#### SPANISH LITERATURE.

*Aires Murcianas.* Por Vicente Medina. Madrid: Bernardo Rodríguez Serra. 1900. 3 pesetas.

Some fifteen years ago it was justifiable to hope that, in the person of Nuñez de Arce, Spain had discovered a worthy successor of Quintana, who might mature into a poet of almost the first order; but these expectations have been signally disappointed. The number of Spanish versifiers increases with disconcerting rapidity, while the quality of their work is in inverse ratio to its quantity. Campoamor belongs to the past, and, since Nuñez de Arce has fallen silent, his place has been taken (but not filled) by Manuel Reina, Federico Balart, Salvador Rueda and a host of other graceful singers who, save in a few happy pieces, scarcely go beyond a high standard of mediocrity. What Spain lacks, as she has never lacked before, is a cause, a belief, a system. Her poets, such as they are, have nothing to sing, much less any "message" to deliver. The younger generation is given over to the worship of strange foreign idols at which their countrymen stare in bewilderment. As Espronceda and Zorrilla reproduced the airs and graces of French romanticism, the promising young men in Madrid are mostly symbolists, decadents, eccentrics who waste their talent upon ineffective ingenuities. The plain truth is that these new methods, adopted by a small cosmopolitan group which is altogether out of sympathy with the bulk of the nation, are



entirely alien to the native genius of the race, and the natural result is that the most vital poetry is now written in the provinces. This small volume, entitled "Aires Murcianos," is the latest proof of the changed relations which exist between Madrid and the provincial centres. The literary revolution, initiated by Jacinto Verdaguer, and continued by Angel Guimerá, has now extended from Catalonia to Valencia where it can boast of a distinguished recruit in Sr. Medina. It would be too much to say, on the strength of this collection of verses more or less occasional that Sr. Medina is an original poet; but at least his work is eminently sincere, his themes are well chosen, and his treatment of them is decidedly dexterous. "Noica" is an excellent example of pathos and sentiment intelligently rendered, and in "Tóico" there is a humorous touch of a refinement not over-abundant in modern Spanish verse. "Los Pajaricos sueltos" and "Santa Rita," though interesting as exercises in rhythmical bravura, are less successful in the manipulation of dialect, and are disfigured by lapses into simple sentimentality. Still, this modest sheaf of verses contains the promise of an exceptional talent. Sr. Medina's name is new to us, but the warm recognition which his book has received on all hands is in every way deserved.

*Montes de Oca.* Por B. Pérez Galdós. Madrid: Hortaliza 132. 1900. 3 pesetas.

The third series of the "Episodios Nacionales" is now well advanced and, though it shows no marked progress in art, it bids fair to equal its predecessors in popularity with the general

(Continued on page 404.)

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public. For an author who is also his own publisher the consideration of popularity is no doubt of great importance, and the check which Sr. Pérez Galdós received upon the publication of "Mendizábal" must have been peculiarly mortifying. "Luchana" restored the writer to favour, and the volume before us shows scarcely any diminution in spirit, episode, and movement. Yet we may fairly doubt if the novelist, with all his talent, will ever be half as popular out of Spain as in it. He presumes far too much on his readers' minute acquaintance with the details of Spanish history during the middle of the nineteenth century; and he is bound down to a chronological exposition of an uninteresting period to which even his ability cannot lend interest. In the case of his latest book, he has no central episode so striking as the siege of Bilbao which lent so much life and colour to "Luchana," nor has he the advantage of introducing us to Espartero, as the popular imagination conceived that adventurous soldier-politician to be in the time of the Queen Regent. We have to be content with a good deal less in the shape of historical portraiture and of picturesque embellishment. Here, as usual in the "Episodios Nacionales," there are sound construction, careful workmanship, and a few individual scenes of undeniable impressiveness; but the lack of measure, the straining after emphatic effects (which are now, as they always have been, the bane of Spanish literature) are perhaps more noticeable in "Montes de Oca" than in any other volume of the series to which it belongs. And, on the whole, this is not very surprising. Like so many of the greatest Spanish writers, Sr. Pérez Galdós writes at a speed which makes improvisation a necessity; and the man who habitually improvises is in great danger of being lost to literature. It is not given to man to produce an authentic masterpiece twice a year, much less once a quarter; and yet Sr. Pérez Galdós has accustomed his public to a punctuality which would be excessive in a rate collector. It follows that his work suffers in consequence. Sr. Pérez Galdós is not a great idealistic artist, like Valera, nor has he that magnificent gift of transfiguring vision which ennobles the unflinching realism of Pereda; but, in far greater degree than either the one or the other, he possesses the facile talent for narration which always has been, and always will be, popular with the uncritical. Moreover, he has one merit which is becoming rarer every day: he has preserved his national savour and, as things go, that is a subject for congratulation.

*Teatro Contemporáneo. Apuntes para un libro de crítica.*  
Por Manuel M. Espada. Madrid: Fernando Fé. 1900.  
4 pesetas.

This unpretending volume may be taken as complementary to M. Henry Lionnet's "Théâtre en Espagne," and will be found exceedingly useful and informing by readers who are curious concerning the most recent forms of dramatic development in the Peninsula. Sr. Espada writes with sense and spirit, as well as with independence, and it is to his credit that he administers a swashing blow to an old superstition that still flourishes in England. Probably for ninety-nine among a hundred fairly educated people, the recent dramatic history of Spain is summed up in the cabalistic word Echegaray, and, from casual allusions to this playwright in the press, it is obvious that English writers have, as a rule, a very mistaken idea as to his actual importance. During the last twenty-five years Echegaray has poured forth one piece after another with a prodigality which is in itself a condemnation. Undoubtedly he has had his triumphs; but these triumphs have not been many and—what is more to the point—they have not been enduring. He came upon the stage at a happy moment for himself. Bretón de los Herreros had just died, Tamayo had retired, Hartzensbusch was exhausted. The opportunity was the chance of a lifetime, and Echegaray enjoyed whatever advantage is derived from an absence of serious rivalry. Uncritical by temperament, Spaniards are prone, like the rest of the world, to magnify their literary glories; and, as was to be expected, many among them hailed the newcomer with an unthinking enthusiasm which finally found echoes on the northern side of the Pyrenees. It is true that the educated minority held aloof from these ingenuous expressions of approval, and, as it happens, their taste and their discretion have been justified by time. Disguised in the wrappings of polite phrases and courteous formulas, this truth is admitted in Sr. Espada's interesting work. Echegaray himself half recognised his defeat, for, though he still persists intermittently with the "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited," he is now fain to be content with translating and adapting the plays of the Catalan, Guimerà. For the rest, the latest tendencies of the Spanish stage are well set out by Sr. Espada, though we cannot help thinking that he might have written at greater length of Sellés and Cano. He does justice to the writers of the future: to Parellada, whose "Filósofo de Cuenca" recalls the mordant vigour of Lara; to Ansoarena, a poet of singular accomplishment but, so far as we can judge, without knowledge or instinct as to the limitations of the theatrical form; to López-Ballesteros, inimitable in a few scenes, though undramatic in complete conception, as his "Raza Vencida" proves; to Ruiz Contreras, a playwright of curious ingenuity who has somehow failed to please his public.

Spain, like Italy, can boast an actress of surpassing merit—the Sra. Guerrero—who is oftenest seen in mediocre translations of plays by Augier, Sardou, Dumas, or in awkward rearrangements of Calderón and Moreto. Sr. Espada mentions this damaging fact with all the air of a man with a grievance, and he completely loses his balance when he records that "Cyrano de Bergerac" filled the Madrid theatres for weeks on end. But, on his own showing, the modern Spanish stage (whatever its promise may be) does not greatly abound in authentic masterpieces and, in the absence of these desirable miracles at home, it is unreasonable to blame managers who seek for them abroad. This little outburst apart, Sr. Espada is moderate in tone as well as acute in criticism, and conveys much useful information without any touch of pretence or pedantry.

*Don Ramón de la Cruz y sus obras. Ensayo biográfico y bibliográfico.* Por Emilio Cotarelo y Mori. Madrid. 1900. 20 pesetas.

It is both instructive and edifying to compare Sr. Espada's review of the contemporary stage with the very elaborate and learned study of the Spanish theatre during the eighteenth century which we owe to Sr. Cotarelo, the most recently elected member of the Spanish Academy. Then, as now, there was an overwhelming French influence at work, and then, as now, the foreign importation failed to take permanent hold upon the public. As Sr. Cotarelo shows, in a monograph which is a model of its kind, the *afrancesados* (to use a nickname which did not come into general use till two generations after Luzán's time, but which nevertheless fits him and his followers perfectly) produced scarcely anything which has survived. Who, even among specialists, reads the plays of Cadalso, of García de la Huerta, of Jovellanos, of the elder Moratin? While audiences were applauding third-rate imitations of third-rate Frenchmen, an obscure government clerk was engaged upon a series of little masterpieces for the entertainment of the less "cultured" classes and for the delight of posterity. In writing the biography of Ramón de la Cruz, Sr. Cotarelo has been led to complete the literary history of the eighteenth century which he had already outlined with so much mastery and precision in "Iriarte y su época," and he has done more than repeat a success. In the present case he has hit upon a more interesting subject, for, though Iriarte's talent as a fabulist is not to be questioned, his general literary significance is nowise comparable to that of Cruz whose *sainetes* gave new life to the ancient dramatic forms known as *pasos* and *entremeses*. Of the connexion between the primitive essays of Rueda, Timoneda and others, and the admirable variant evolved by the genius of Cruz, Sr. Cotarelo gives a most complete, lucid demonstration, and with regard to the education, circumstances and adventures of the dramatist he has collected an amount of valuable material which will compel literary historians to modify many of their conclusions. It is indeed a surprise to discover that Cruz began as a translator (through Ducis' version) of "Hamlet," and that the perusal of the "Mariage de Figaro" filled him with annoyance and scandal. Fortunately his critical canons had no effect in hampering his deep sense of humour, his incomparable gaiety, his picaresque pleasure in the contrasts of existence. Sr. Cotarelo prints, for the first time, "El Teatro por dentro," and in an appendix he adds the names of over five hundred pieces, of which barely one-third has been published. From the copious extracts given, it is evident that the newly discovered *sainetes* are of such unequal excellence that it would be unjust to the writer's memory to print them entire as characteristic examples; but it is to be hoped that a selection may be made of the best among them. We already possess ten volumes of farces by Cruz, and there is ample material to fill another ten. Nobody is better fitted to make the selection than Sr. Cotarelo himself. His latest contribution to the literary history of his country may be praised without reserve as a most necessary and admirable piece of work.

For This Week's Books see page 406.

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